

## CALUMET Baking Powder

complies with the pure food laws of all states. Food prepared with it is free from Rochelle salts, lime, alum and ammonia.

Trust Baking Powders sell for 45 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.

## APPLES!

We've got them. Have just received another carload of nice ones, which will probably be the last of the season. Don't miss getting a barrel.

## W. Gross & Co

## IT IS AN EASY MATTER

To write an ad. and tell of all the virtues you possess and put in a few extra for good measure that you do not happen to have. This is the way some people get trade. The public soon gets onto them, however, and when once they do they are back numbers so far as that town is concerned. There is no business where it is so absolutely necessary to deliver the goods as in the tailor business. You may fool a man once, but that will probably end your career so far as that particular person is concerned. We are not making any claims that we cannot substantiate. The best recommendations I get are from those who have worn our clothes. Ask some man who has got a suit from me and see what he has to say about the matter. I am willing to rely on his verdict, and that is all the best of them can do. When in need of something in the line of clothes come in and let me show you what I have.

### EDW. KOSTKA,

Opp. Witter House.

Merchant Tailor.

## YOUR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO JAMES DALZIN,

Painting, Paper Hanging and dealer in Paints, Oil and Wall Paper, especially the latest designs.

### ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Located two doors south of Tribune printing office, west side

### GOVERNOR LAFOLLETTE THERE.

Marshfield Expects Him at the Round-up Institute.

The round up Farmers' Institute to be held at Marshfield next week on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, promises to be an interesting affair from start to finish and an interesting program has been laid out for each day.

On Wednesday evening Gov. LaFollette will be present and address those in attendance, and of course this will be one of the principal events of the series of meetings.

It has been suggested and no doubt the plan would be a feasible one, to run an excursion up to Marshfield from this city and intermediate points on Wednesday morning, returning after the speech at night. There will be a number going up to attend the live stock sale and these with what might care for the institute and governor's speech should make quite a respectable crowd.

The farmers' institute commences at nine o'clock Tuesday morning and continues until Thursday night, with morning afternoon and evening sessions. Every farmer who can should make an effort to be present.

### LOCAL COMPANY WINS.

Bell Telephone Sells out at Wausau to Home Company.

Another case of the local telephone company winning out after a prolonged fight has occurred at Wausau where the Bell company has sold its outfit to the local company and gone out of business, retaining only the long distance lines.

This is the first instance where the Bell company in going out of existence has sold its equipment to a local company. As a general thing the company has simply pulled out and taken their stuff with them.

It was a long fight between the two companies, but of course the Bell people never had a ghost of a show as long as the people struck by their local company.

### Looking Toward Free Delivery

During an interview with one of the local postoffice employees recently that party stated that there was no question but what the business at the postoffices in this city would be sufficient at the close of the fiscal year to warrant the establishment of free delivery of mail.

No effort has been made to artificially swell the receipts of the local office, as is often done in a case where the business is not quite sufficient to bring in the required receipts, but the change has come about with the natural growth of business.

If the change is made to free delivery it is probable that a sub-station will be maintained on the west side, as the business conditions will probably demand it.

Business men on both sides of the river have begun to interest themselves in the matter and there is little doubt but what the change will be bought about in the near future.

### Leaves for the West

The Tribune is in receipt of a letter from Dr. G. F. Witter who has been at Marshfield for some time past. The doctor stated that he expected to leave for the west again sometime the present week.

The doctor appears to have enjoyed his visit to Wood county immensely, and notwithstanding his many years of active labor seems to take as active an interest in his profession as ever. Mr. Witter is loud in his praise of Grand Rapids and seems to think there is every probability of the city making some rapid strides ahead in the near future. During his visit in this locality the doctor has been to Chicago several times where he saw some valuable clinical operations in the hospitals which he deemed of great practical utility and interest to him. He mentioned some that he saw in the county hospital there in which the most modern methods were used by Dr. F. B. Robinson, who will be remembered as being formerly associated with Dr. Witter in this city.

He speaks with special pride of the unceasing energy, perseverance and determination that is evidenced in the preparation of plates and specimens which he had the pleasure of examining, which Dr. Robinson will use in a book which he is soon to publish, and which Dr. Witter thinks will be of great value to the medical profession in general.

Dr. Witter will always be a welcome visitor here and his many friends hope to see him among them again in the near future.

### School Commissioners Meet.

The regular monthly meeting of the school commissioners was held on Monday evening. While the commissioners at this time are busier than usual, there was not much done out of the regular routine of business that would be of interest to the general public.

The matter of having some walks leading to the ward schools put in was discussed and as a consequence the street committee of the city council has consented to meet the commissioners to see what can be done along this line. The commissioners complain that the walks leading to the ward schools are in many instances entirely wanting, and as a consequence small children are compelled to travel thru mud to and from school, to the detriment of their health at this time of the year. This is certainly a matter that should be remedied, as the average kid can find enough mud to fill all the requirements of the most exacting parent even when the walks are in the best of repair.

### HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

#### East Side.

Monday night a meeting of the east and west side boys, interested in athletics, was held in the Howe High school. A constitution was drawn up and the following officers elected:

President, Mr. Youker; vice president, Mr. Oswald; secretary, Clay Lamberton; treasurer, Frank Natwick.

Fred Roenius, the president of the class of 1903, is very seriously sick with brain fever the past week. The class and school are earnestly hoping for his speedy recovery.

Floyd Jenkins is now taking up Cicero and Physics, and thus only attending the morning session. He was obliged to do this because of trouble with his eyes.

Wednesday morning very interesting news topics were given by some of the boys for morning exercises, and on Thursday morning by some of the girls.

Mayme Edwards and Ophelia Desaint were visitors last Tuesday afternoon in several of our classes.

Mr. Youker gave an exceedingly interesting talk Tuesday morning about Carlisle Indian school.

Orah Nisson and Reslo Havenor have returned to school this week after a week of illness.

Jennie Kuntz and Gertrude La Vague are again attending school after a short illness.

Josephine Kennedy has withdrawn from school in this city, and has gone to Milwaukee.

The Physics class is studying sound. This has been apparent for some time.

The program which was to have been given on Friday, was postponed one week.

The report cards for the 4th semi term were received Friday.

John Roenius and Ray Lester have withdrawn from school.

Nellie Slattery was a visitor last Tuesday afternoon.

#### West Side.

The following program will be given Friday afternoon:

Music.....High School Orchestra  
Reading.....Viggo Oarey  
Recitation.....Florida Berg  
Debate—Resolved, That the Indian can be civilized.

Affirmative.....Negative.  
Charles Lane.....Alvina Rosenkranz  
Walter Oberbeck.....Lillian Moyer  
Music.....High School Orchestra  
Essay.....Emma Noetzel  
Recitation.....Howard Mickelson  
News Topic.....Frank Hayes  
Music.....High School Orchestra

About twenty-five of our boys attended the athletic meeting last Monday after school, which was held at the Howe High school building. Frank Natwick was elected treasurer of the association.

Supt. Youker gave us an interesting talk on the Carlisle Indian school Wednesday.

James Brainerd of Oshkosh was a visitor at school Tuesday afternoon.

Pearl Chose was absent last week on account of sickness.

Pearl Severance has withdrawn from school.

### Hydrophobia at Vesper.

A report comes from Vesper to the effect that seven hogs belonging to Joseph White had died from the effects of bites received from a d. g. It is supposed that the dog was afflicted with rabies, although this is not certain. As a consequence a number of the dogs in that vicinity have been shot and the residents there are keeping watch of their canines to prevent a repetition of the trouble.

Numerous places in this vicinity have had an epidemic of what is supposed to be hydrophobia, although so far as can be learned the matter has never been proven to a certainty. The city of Stevens Point has had about the worst run of the disease, and as a consequence the dogs in that city have been kept muzzled for some time past and a great number of the animals shot.

### A Pittsville Deal.

E. W. Ring of Pittsville has sold his mill, logs, lumber and lumbering tools to D. A. and A. C. McCoy, who will operate the mill in the future. Mr. Ring expects to remove to Ashland, Oregon, about the 1st of June, where he has purchased an extensive tract of land. Mr. Ring is one of the oldest residents of Pittsville, having settled there in the year 1860, when Pittsville, and in fact all the country in this locality, was in a state of crudeness impossible to imagine at these times. During these years Mr. Ring has amassed considerable of this world's goods, and it seems to be the general verdict of his neighbors in Pittsville that he is entitled to all he has, having acquired it by industry and good hard hustling.

### Found to be Insane.

John F. Powell, the man who murdered his wife with a shotgun on March 25, was adjudged insane at Wausau and has been taken to the Oshkosh asylum. The murder occurred at the home of the man and there were no witnesses to the tragedy although a son of the man and murdered woman was in the next room at the time. They lived at Roselville. When Powell was examined he could give no coherent explanation of how the thing happened, although he realized that he killed his wife.

### BRIEF CITY ITEMS

**Trading Stamp Evil.**—A bill has been introduced into the legislature to abolish the trading stamp nuisance. It ought to be abolished but it ought not to need a law to do it. One would think that a few months' experience would convince any merchant that it was an unmitigated evil from start to finish, detrimental alike to the merchant and his customers and as a consequence it would die out without any legislation on the subject. Our merchants in this city discovered that it was a poor proposition after a few months of trial and abolished the nuisance by mutual agreement and nothing has since been heard of the matter. There may be a class of people who desire to have something for nothing every time they make a purchase at a store, but they are becoming less every year. They have probably begun to learn that somebody has to pay the freight just the same, and it is generally the customer who buys the goods.

**Has Located Here.**—J. O. Hebert, one of the old photographers of Grand Rapids, has bought the photo gallery from O. Morterud formerly owned by Oswald Menzel, and will again engage in the picture business in this city. Mr. Hebert was in business here for many years, but sold out some time ago and went elsewhere for the benefit of his health. Since leaving here he has been in several places in the south, but has concluded that there is no place that fills all the requirements just like Wisconsin. His many friends will be glad to hear of his return here and there is no doubt of his getting a share of the patronage.

**Making Final Returns.**—Only one town treasurer has made his final returns to the county treasurer at this time, this being from the town of Dexter. The collection in this town were somewhat closer than last year, and County Treasurer Searles states that the reports from different parts of the county indicate that the taxes will be collected closer all over. There is no better indication of the prosperity of a county than a short tax list and there is no question but what the day is rapidly approaching when there will be very little land in Wood county advertised for taxes.

**Foundations Started.**—Active work on the foundation for the new paper mill started this week. Cofferdams have been constructed across the old race both above and below the site of the mill, and the water between is removed with the aid of a steam-pump in order that the workmen may be able to get at the bottom of the race at that point. The building of these cofferdams necessitated considerable more work than is usual on such occasions on account of the presence of the ice in the race.

**More Office Room.**—The old Pomainville hall, that has been used so often for dancing purposes, is no more. During the past week a gang of carpenters and masons have been at work dividing up the place into office rooms, and now there is no semblance to the old place. Some very nice offices will be the outcome of the change, as there is an abundance of light and a spacious hall connects them.

**A Change in Name.**—The owners of the Yellow River Pilot, the paper published at Pittsville, have changed the name of that sheet to the Pittsville Wisconsin Times. This is decidedly a change for the better and there should be a notable brightening up in business as a consequence. No paper could hope to succeed while laboring under the disadvantage of such a name as the sheet has heretofore borne.

**Cleaning the Streets.**—The city teams have been at work during the past few days engaged in cleaning the streets of the collection of refuse that can always be found on the thoroughfares in the spring. The frost in the ground has delayed the work somewhat, but still great improvement has been made in places.

**Shows Coming.**—Manager James Hamilton states that he has got several good shows listed for the coming two months and expects to give our people about one production a week until the season closes. There has been quite a dearth of this class of amusement for the past few weeks and theater goers had begun to despair of anything for the future.

**New Wallpaper House.**—J. Dalzin has rented the store building two doors from the Tribune building and is engaged in putting in a stock of wall paper and paints. A part of his stock has already arrived and he expects the remainder in the near future, and will open up a large stock of the latest styles in his line.

**\$1.03 to Marshfield and return.**—March 12th to 18th inclusive the Wisconsin Central will sell round trip tickets to Marshfield at \$1.03. Account farmers institute and Midwinter fair. Tickets good to return March 20th inclusive. Trains leave Grand Rapids at 9:45 a. m. and 5:05 p. m.

**Change of time on W. C. Ry.**—Commencing March 8th the W. C. train leaving Grand Rapids at 9:45 a. m. will reach St. Paul at 4:30 p. m. instead of 5 o'clock as heretofore, connecting at St. Paul with the Great Northern coast train, which leaves at 5 p. m.

**St. Patrick's Day.**—Next Tuesday is St. Patrick's day and one would think that some of our Irish citizens who have not entirely forgotten their mother country would make an effort to have the day properly celebrated.

**Lenten Services.**—Forty hour devotional services were commenced at the Catholic church on Sunday and continued until Tuesday night. Several outside priests assisted Father Van Roomalen at the services in this city and the church was crowded with the faithful ones at all of the services.

### Victim of Sneak Thieves.

When the members of the gun club opened their trap house some time ago to prepare for the spring shooting they discovered that some person or persons had broken in the house and stolen the chain and pedals from the trap that is used to throw blue rocks. The club also had some tables and platforms at the grounds which had all been carefully taken up and removed, so that not a vestige of them remained. With lumber at the high figure it has been for the past year or two nobody could be blamed for stealing this commodity, but what anyone would do with a chain and a pair of misfit pedals from a magautrap is more than can be imagined. The club will probably have to secure new grounds the coming season owing to the fact that the field they have been using will be put to some good use by the owners.

### Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued the past week by the county clerk:

Henry Tempes, Sigel, to Minnie Joling of Arpin.  
Henry V. Cole and Anna Ladick, both of Sigel.

Rudolph C. Hoof and Lydia Kunst, both of the town of Dexter.

Omza M. Mulock of Lindsey and Ella McMahon, of Nasonville.

Abraham Silverman to Jessie Rockstein, both of Grand Rapids.

### A Big Stock Farm.

C. E. Blodgett of Marshfield recently purchased another 129 acres lying contiguous to his stock farm near Marshfield, paying therefore \$11,000. Mr. Blodgett now has 350 acres in his farm, which contains a fine lot of buildings and is well stocked with shorthorns, making it one of the largest and most complete and best equipped farms in this section of the state.

Great spring tonic. Drives out all impurities. Makes the blood rich. Fills you with warm, tingling life. A spring blessing is Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Sold Johnson & Hill Co.

## Opera House

One Night Only

THURSDAY MARCH 12

Gideon's Big Minstrel

In every detail perfection.  
In every feature originality.  
In every artist greatness.  
Completely and successfully illustrating.  
The Triumph of Merit.

The greatest aggregation of colored minstrel stars and vaudeville artists ever organized.

35 Minstrel Kings 35

A BIG BAND.  
A DRUM CORPS.  
BIG STREET PARADE.

### CHICAGO & MILWAUKEE

...NEWSPAPERS...

I have the agency for Chicago and Milwaukee papers, and deliver same to any part of the city.

Depots at Davis' Restaurant and Steib's drug store. Sunday Paper a Specialty.

MRS. A. W. ...RUMSEY...







Later Departure From Chicago  
for Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Via the North-Western Line. The Through Sleeping Cars for Manistique and Sault Ste. Marie, which have been leaving Chicago at 8:00 p. m. daily, except Saturday, thus affording connection with trains arriving in Chicago at a late hour. The only through sleeping car line between Chicago and "The Soo". For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

## Edw. Kostka, Merchant Tailor.

First-class workmanship and the best of trimmings guaranteed. Shop on Front street, opposite Witter house

No Trouble to Show Goods.

## Have You Property ...For Sale...

If you wish to sell any of your property, houses, lots, etc., be sure and.....

### LIST IT WITH ME

We have many inquiries and will be pleased to show your property to prospective buyers. Terms reasonable.

## G. W. Paulus

REAL ESTATE DEALER.  
Grand Rapids, - Wisconsin.

## CITY MEAT MARKET!

Fresh, Salt and Smoked  
**MEATS.**

All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.

## N. REILAND,

TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

## The Latest Styles

In everything in the picture line can always be found at my studio. None but the best materials enter into my work and I make it a point to turn out the

### The Best Finished Work

that it is possible to make. Call and see my samples and judge for yourself.

## Mortnerud,

East Side Photographer.

## HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

## J. H. LANDRY

WEST SIDE,  
NEAR BRIDGE.

GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS.

PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE.

### Writer Urges That American Girls Be Taught to Work.

Any American girl is possibly, and probably, going to need to fall back upon her own resources some time. The ups and downs of fortune are too certain, too conspicuous to need pointing out. To bring up a girl without any training in a useful occupation is not simply improvident and foolish, but it is wicked. Feminine character needs independence to make and keep it sweet and perfect. The darkest tragedy of life grow out of the ignorance, helplessness and dependence of women. Courage, training in work, independence of character and self-reliance—these, with high ideals of womanhood for inspiration, are what every girl needs. Only through intelligent work can the highest character be attained and the growth of character is the whole purpose of this school which we call "the world."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved," writes Mrs. Winkins of Pleasant City, Ohio. Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our little darling was saved. He's now sound, and well. Everybody ought to know, it's the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds, and all Lung diseases. Guaranteed by John E. Daly, Druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

### EXERCISE FOR FAT PERSONS.

Some Judgment Required as to the Proper Form.

Don't neglect exercise, but don't overdo it. Too much exercise will alone set up obesity, because it weakens the whole digestive apparatus. Doctors don't seem to think of this but it is so. Many a bicycle "scorch" has actually increased his adipose tissue. Among these best exercises for women are skipping, battledore and shuttlecock, and lawn tennis. The first is excellent for the tendency to abdominal obesity to which they are so liable, the second and third are good generally, because they put in action all parts of the body. Walking up and down stairs will also keep down fat—and so will scrubbing. For men, baseball, cricket, football and golf are good exercises. Indeed, all the exercises mentioned are beneficial to both sexes, when dropped short of fatigue, as also is horseriding. Light dumbbell or Indian club exercise will do good, and nothing is better as a fat-preventer than a short, brisk walk before breakfast.

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for a list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### RETURNED WITH A BARE SKIN.

How Hunter Kept Promise Made to His Companions.

Once upon a time there was a hunter who left his camp quite early in the morning and promised his companions that he would return at night with a bear skin.

Late in the afternoon a bear found him wandering in the woods and at once made a fierce attack, which was received with a shot that went wide of its mark. Then the combatant closed and the hunter used his knife. There was a fierce conflict and the bear succeeded in stripping the hunter of his clothing, which was scattered over the ground in shreds.

The bear, having received many wounds, gave up the fight and ran to hide in his den, while the hunter limped through the woods to his camp, looking very much like Adam walking in the garden.

Moral—There is more than one way to fulfill a promise.

### Drilling the Persian Army.

The Persian army, according to Henry Savage Landor, the traveler, is a "paintful sight," although there were some good Cossack cavalry which had been drilled by Russian officers. The infantry, however, were ragged, lazy, shiftless lot. He asked permission to see the army drill. "We do not drill in summer. It's too hot," said a general. "Do you drill in winter?" "No, it's too cold." "Are the troops, then, only drilled in the autumn and spring?" "Sometimes. They are principally drilled a few days before the shah's birthday, so that they may look well on the parade day before his majesty."

### Working Overtime.

Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless, little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work, night and day, curing Indigestion, Bileousness, Constipation, Sick Headache and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe, sure. Only 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

## AN INSPIRATION TICKETS FOR TWO

[Original.]

His name was John Jones, but as he wrote plays he adopted the nom de plume of Ernest Montgomery. Montgomery is a long name, and we shall have to reduce it to Monty, which is crucifying to the romance of it, but since his wife called him Monty there should be no objection. He wrote at home with his study door locked. This did not prevent his occasionally hearing the baby squall or being called upon to leave a dramatic scene to go for a yeast cake. He had never succeeded in getting a play accepted, and the family funds were very low. Monty said that if he could only get an inspiration the money would flow in like water.

Monty was at work on a play in which the heroine was as spotless as Caesar's wife should have been. She was falsely charged with infidelity to her husband by the villain of the play. When the author came to the accusation scene, which, with the proved innocence of the lady, he intended for the climax, he was puzzled to know just how she would receive the stab. Would she faint? Would she hurl back the charge with passionate tears? Monty was a careful student of all the emotions he portrayed, and he conceived the idea of submitting some woman to a similar test in order to observe her emotions. The only available person was his wife. Mrs. Monty was a matter of fact woman, with not a spark of romance in her nature, and had no use for her husband's literary works except for the money it was hoped they might bring. Still she was a woman, and all he wanted to know was how any woman would act under the circumstances. He resolved to try the experiment on her.

One day after the arrival of the postman Monty called sternly for his wife to come to the study. She came up with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow, a rolling pin in her hand and in no good humor at being interrupted.

"Margaret!"

"Why, what's the matter, Monty?"

"Read that!"

Mrs. Monty took the note he handed her, and Monty fancied her on the stage. She read the accusation. Bill Summers, a friend of her husband whom she did not like, advised Monty to watch her and he would find that she was intimate with Andy Maxwell, a friend of her husband whom she did like. Monty watched her as she read and saw a thundercloud gather on her brow. "Now," he said to himself, "I shall get something definite." And he did.

"Margaret," he said solemnly, "what have you to say to that?"

"What have I to say? It is true, every word of it."

Monty turned white as a sheet and staggered back.

"And why is it true?" she continued fiercely. "Because I have been driven to it by my husband. 'Read this!' she shrieked, plunging her hand in her bosom and withdrawing a note. 'I found it in your pocket. I resolved to be avenged upon you, and now that revenge has come.'"

Monty's hand trembled so that he could scarcely grasp the note, and he was too stricken to read it. His wife took it from him and read it to him. It was from a woman who consented to an assassination he had evidently proposed. It had been manufactured by some one for a purpose, for there was no truth in what it charged. But what was his innocence worth now that his wife had confessed her guilt? Life was turned into a horror. His home was destroyed. He saw himself and his wife glaring at each other in a divorce court, fighting for the possession of their child, and heard the poor little thing's cries because she could not have both her papa and mamma. Then at last he was lying alone in a hospital, with no one to press his hand or look love's parting into his eyes.

"Monty," cried his wife, "for heaven's sake, don't look like that! It's all a put up job. I was telling Andy that you wanted an inspiration, and you have been telling him that you wanted to know how a wife would act when falsely accused. Andy put the two together and laid the plan of fooling you with that note I drew on you. I've had it in my pocket for a week, but hadn't the heart to use it. The note you gave me made me mad, so I could do my part. Now you've got an inspiration, put it on paper."

While Mrs. Monty was delivering herself of this, Monty was gradually coming to himself. Before she had finished they were locked in each other's arms and Monty was sobbing like a woman.

"There's nothing to put on paper. I was crushed and didn't say a word."

"But you felt it all."

"Yes, but I could never transcribe my feelings. Besides, they don't fit my play."

"Yes, you can. Write a play they do fit. Now, Monty, dear, go to work at once while it's all fresh."

"Sweetheart," said Monty, holding her off tragically and looking her over with an intense admiration he had never shown her before, "I believe you've hit the bullseye. Leave me, and if I am shut up here a week without coming out don't disturb me. My third and fourth acts must be written now and the play fitted to them afterward."

When "The Reconciliation," by Ernest Montgomery—that play that made Algernon Christie famous—was put on the stage, at the close both of the third and fourth acts there was not a dry eye in the house. The playwright is now rich. F. A. MITCHELL.

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Rod Scott was waiting his turn at the Pullman window where he wanted a "lower" for Chicago. Just ahead of him was a very pretty girl, and he could not help overhearing the conversation. She, too, was buying a ticket to Chicago and wanted a berth as well. She had made a mistake in the amount necessary to secure a sleeper, and when the ticket seller called for her purse was empty. It was an embarrassing position for the girl, but there was no help for it, and she took her railroad ticket and passed on to the waiting room.

Rod could not help noting the outcome. He bought his own ticket and then saw the girl standing in the adjoining room examining her empty pocketbook.

His sympathies were aroused; she looked so forlorn, and he thought of his own little sister and wondered how she would feel under similar circumstances.

That settled it. He walked quickly toward her and, raising his hat, said: "Pardon me, but I could not help seeing the trouble you were in at the ticket window. Won't you allow me to be your banker in the emergency?"

She looked up at him shyly. He had a good, honest face.

"Oh, thank you, but I don't like!"

"Of course you don't," said Rod; "but I'll give you my card, and you can send the money back to me when you get home."

Her face brightened up. "You are very kind. My father was to have been with me, but was detained at the last moment. I thought I had all the money I needed to get home."

"Well, I fortunately have plenty," said Rod, "so let us get the ticket."

Of course he saw that it was in the same car, and it was natural that they should occupy the same seat.

It was all too soon for Rod when the berths had to be made up, but he arranged that they should have breakfast together.

Rod says he will never forget that breakfast. He never did know what he ordered, but he feasted upon a pair of gray eyes which took shy glances across the little table. All the time he was trying to summon up courage to tell how much he wanted to meet her again.

Another hour and they would reach their destination, the pleasant tete-a-tete would be over, and he did not even know her name. Rod was getting desperate.

"By the way, do you expect any one to meet you at the station, or may I?"

"Oh, yes; papa said he would wire, so, you see, I won't have to trouble you any more."

"Trouble! I know you don't mean that. It has been a great pleasure to me, and I only wish I could!"

"Don't say anything more, Mr. Scott. I am under many obligations to you, but papa will write you when he returns."

Poor Rod! He wanted to say more, but politeness prevented him from pressing a matter which he felt might embarrass her.

When the train pulled into Chicago and he saw her affectionately greeted by an elderly lady, he awakened to the realization that his pleasant day dream was over.

Rod was assistant freight agent on the B. and A. road, with headquarters at Omaha. He spent a week in Chicago, and on his return home he found the following letter awaiting him:

Dear Sir—My daughter has given me your card and asked me to thank you for your courtesy to her when she was returning home. I enclose draft for \$5, which will reimburse you for the amount you expended on her. The general freight agent of the road, Mr. Fletcher, is a very old friend of mine. Kindly remember me to him, and whenever you are in Chicago I will be glad to have you call on me. Yours truly, JOHN H. MASON.

It was astonishing how much attention the Chicago end of the B. and A. road required. Rod found it necessary to make weekly trips there, and he never failed to call and inquire for Mr. Mason's health and incidentally to accept the hospitality of the Mason home.

Alice, she of the gray eyes, always welcomed the guest with such winning smiles that he thought he was in paradise. On one such evening she was singing an old Scotch ballad with the refrain, "Lassie, could you lo'e me?" He stooped over her as she sat at the piano, and, looking into the gray eyes that were turned toward him, he whispered, "Alice, dear, could you lo'e me?" He read his answer there and sealed it with a kiss.

Six months later a carriage was being driven toward the station. A few stray kernels of rice still clung to the steps.

The carriage stopped, and the occupants went hurriedly to the train which was starting for the east.

"Oh, Rod, you haven't got the tickets!"

"Haven't I, sweetheart? When I travel with somebody, I always make up my mind that I'll have to pay for a couple, and so I get them in advance."

"That's the meanest thing you ever said to me, Rod," was the laughing rejoinder, "but you've got to pay for them now."

WILLIAM B. DOUGLAS.

### An Absolute Gift.

Cheerem—Oh, come! Stop borrowing trouble.

Glumey—Borrowing? Gee whiz, man, trouble isn't like money. When I borrow money, I can forget about it right away.—Philadelphia Press.

Common Sense Vs. Law.

Magistrate Crane of the police court in Harlem, N. Y., thinks that when the sanitary code comes into collision with common sense it is the former that must give way. A negro was brought before him charged with violating section 119 of the code, which refers to beating of carpets, rugs, etc. The magistrate discharged the prisoner, saying it was hard to arrest anyone on such a charge. "I have my own rugs beaten almost every week, and where can the work be done better than in the yard?"

### Vanderbilt's Magnificent Estate.

George Vanderbilt's estate, Biltmore, is already the largest body of contiguous land under one ownership in North Carolina; nevertheless he is still adding to it. He has just secured a large tract on the upper Davidson river, which will become a part of Biltmore. On his new purchase are several water powers. In order to carry out his scheme of improvements Mr. Vanderbilt finds it necessary to excavate a part of the bed of the Swannanoa river to prevent overflows.

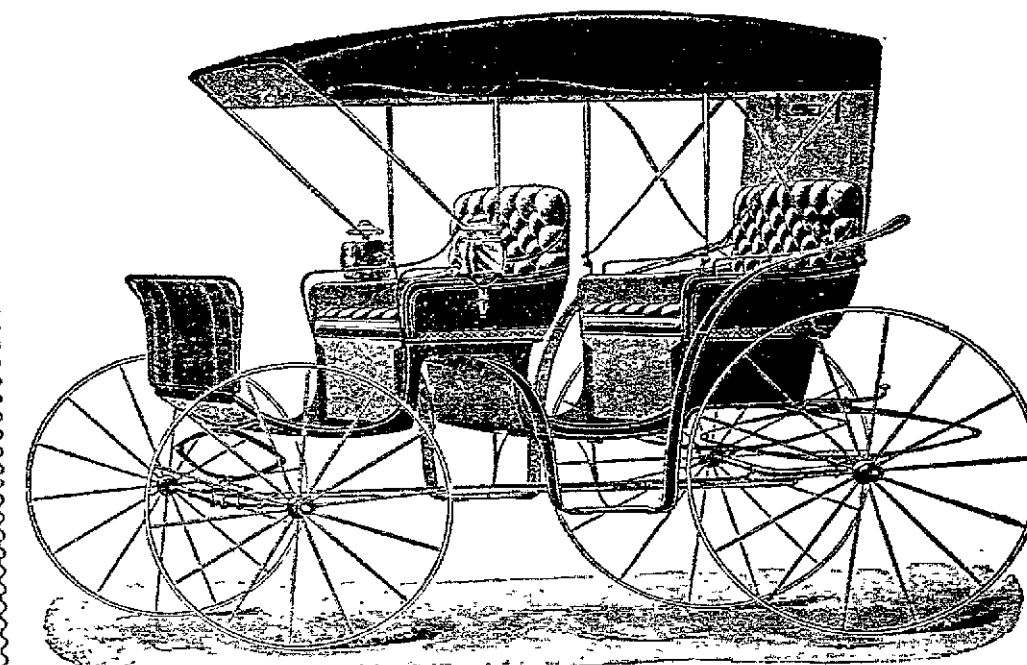
Urgent Need for New Gavel.

The speaker of the New York assembly has had occasion of late to use his gavel freely, the result being that splinters began to fly from it occasionally. One of these struck Clerk Baxter in the face dangerously close to the eye. In a few minutes Assemblyman Bedeli sent a resolution to the desk. Clerk Baxter read it as follows: "Resolved, That the clerk of the assembly, for his own protection, be empowered to purchase a new gavel for the speaker." "The resolution is unanimously adopted," laconically remarked the speaker, and the house smiled.

### Appropriate Western Epitaph.

According to President Harris of Amherst a word that is looked upon as profanity in Boston may express the deepest sentiment out west, in proof of which he tells the following story: "A rough miner died out west and was laid away by his fellow laborers (with a common slab of stone to mark his resting place. On the stone was this inscription: 'Bill Jenkins; died June 13, 1901. He did his damndest. Angels could do no more.'"

## STILL TO THE FRONT



With two full carloads of....

## Buggies, Surreys, Farm and Milk Wagons.

All from reliable factories. We can satisfy any customer both on price and quality. We are now figuring on Clover and Timothy Seed, Field Peas and Garden Seed and will tell you about them later.

## CENTRALIA HDW. CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

## The HOT BLAST Stove

Is the greatest fuel saver on the market and will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal. You are invited to call and see how these stoves work. Used at

## D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,

East Side Near City Hall.

## VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

### A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

### A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

## GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.



Grand Rapids, Wis., March 11, 1903

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months..... 75

## A Proper Spirit.

The citizens of Tomahawk have at last awoke to the realization of the fact that if they want their town to amount to anything in the future the matter will have to be brought about by the efforts of those that live there. When it was discovered that many of the enterprises there had been run at a loss by the late W. H. Bradley and that now he was gone they would be discontinued, there was a disposition on the part of the citizens to mourn the loss and let the matter end there. An effort is now being made to reorganize the business men's association with a view to encouraging others to locate there and thus in a measure make up for any stagnation that may occur thru the discontinuance of the enterprises fostered by Mr. Bradley.

This is certainly the way to go about the matter, and the there may be a depression for a number of years as the result of the events mentioned, still there is no reason to become discouraged. Tomahawk is in no worse a condition than many another Wisconsin town that has been left helpless by the pulling out of one of its principal industries, and in spite of this fact most of them have survived the shock.

There is hardly a town in northern Wisconsin that did not at some time depend almost entirely on the lumbering industry to support it, and there is hardly a town of any age that has not passed thru the blighting influence of having the lumbering operations stopped, still they have all managed to pull thru for a few years until some other industry sprung up to take the place of the one that many had considered to be endless in its existence.

The condition of Tomahawk only illustrates how bad it is for a town to have an institution that does not pay, and shows how every citizen should do his utmost to assist his neighbor in making a success of his efforts, so long as his energies are directed along the lines of legitimate business. A business that is kept in existence at a loss is a detriment to a town in the long run, as the reaction that must inevitably follow is much more apparent than benefits that were derived while the concern was in operation.

## Left to the People.

Up at Wausau there has been much discussion pro and con as to whether the city should accept the \$25,000 which Andrew Carnegie proposes to give them for a new library.

One of the provisions he makes in these gifts is that the city shall raise 10 percent of the amount each year for the support of the library. The matter has been under discussion there for some time and at the last meeting of the city council it was decided to leave the matter to a vote of the people and thus let them decide for themselves.

It does not seem as if \$2,500 a year would be any great amount for a city like Wausau to raise and that the money would be well spent in this way.

There has been both petitions and remonstrances presented to the council on the matter, and each side seemed to have so many supporters that it was decided that the most equitable way would be for the people to vote on the matter. It is certainly an easy way of getting rid of a proposition that had been giving the aldermen a lot of trouble.

## To Purify the Wisconsin River.

There is a bill before the legislature at present that is of more interest to the people living along the banks of the Wisconsin river than, perhaps, is making primary elections and railroad taxation a secondary matter to these people at least.

All the rivers of the state except the Wisconsin are protected by a law forbidding the pollution of their waters with offal, slabs, carcasses of dead animals, sawdust and other deleterious substances. It is now proposed to strike out the words "except the Wisconsin river" and allow the law, which is a good one, to apply to this river also.

The Wisconsin river is one of the prettiest and most attractive in the state and its beauties should be preserved. The bill should by all means be passed and its provisions strictly enforced.—Eagle River Review.

You have good reason to fear the attack of pneumonia, when you have a severe cold, accompanied by pains in the chest or in the back between the shoulders. Get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and use it as directed and it will prevent the threatened attack. Among the tens of thousands who have used this Remedy for colds and la grippe, we have yet to learn of a single case that has resulted in pneumonia, which shows that this Remedy is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. For sale at Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## Sale and Supper.

The Congregational Aid society of the first ward will hold a sale and supper on the afternoon and evening of March 17th in the Bittner block near the library building. The sale will include sofa cushions, children's underwear and other useful articles. A good supper will be served from 5:30 to 8:30 for 25 cents.

Puts roses in her saucy cheeks, Makes her eyes grow bright with fun, Makes months seem like weeks: That's what Rocky Mountain Tea has done. Sold by Johnson & Hill & Co.



Above is presented a picture of Rev. Carl D. Thompson, of Denver, who will deliver a free lecture on "The Principles of Socialism," at the opera house on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Thompson has a fine reputation as a speaker and is well worth hearing.

## Death of Octave Foubare.

The body of Octave E. Foubare arrived in this city on Monday morning and was interred the same day in the Catholic cemetery in this city. Rev. F. Van Roosmalen conducting the services.

Mr. Foubare was injured in a railroad wreck in Old Mexico on the 27th of February, and died from his injuries the same day. The details of the accident are unknown, only the fact that there was a wreck and eight persons killed being about the only particulars.

Mr. Foubare was running a passenger train in Mexico, having worked there for some time past. He is survived by a widow and two children who were living at Evanston, Ill., at the time of the accident. He was 41 years of age and was well known in this locality, having lived here the fore part of his life.

Besides the widow and children there were in attendance at the funeral his brothers, John Foubare of Halder, F. X. Foubare of Junction City, J. C. and L. H. Foubare of Dancy and Mitchell Foubare of Moon, all being accompanied by their respective wives. Services were held at Junction City by Rev. Father Gara before coming to this city. But very few of the friends of the deceased were able to attend the funeral, as it was impossible to tell when the body should arrive, having been on the way since the 3rd instant.

## Unclaimed Letters.

West side: Miss Laura Provost, Mrs. Martha Choat, Mrs. Reinhold Brame.

## ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

—Gideon's Big Minstrels are scheduled to appear at the Grand Opera House Thursday evening Mar. 12. Gideon's Company this year is said to be the best he has ever had on the road and include some of the best wit, humor, good music and elaborate stage settings. Prominent among these in the first part are Skinner Harris, Dan Des Dunes, Mat Turner, Harry Watters, Frank Kirk and Tom Jefferson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kellogg returned on Monday evening from their trip to Washington, D. C. where Mr. Kellogg had gone as a delegate to the national convention of Retail Lumbermen. They report having had a most enjoyable trip and during their stay in the capital city visited many places of interest. President Roosevelt received the lumbermen during their stay in the city and swastad a whole hour of his valuable time on them. Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg also visited with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lavigne of this city, and report that this was one of the most enjoyable features of their stay in the capital. Mr. Lavigne is doing nicely in his new position and is getting along well, which will be good news to his many friends in this city.

—Gideon's Big Minstrels will appear at the Grand Opera House Thursday evening and will present the most attractive list of novelties that has ever been offered by any one minstrel company, with more comedians, more singers, more dancers, and a better musical organization. The program is replete with new ballads, acts, and funny sayings, while the fun is fast and furious, as the "screams" of delight and volumes of applause testify to nightly. Several acts new to the American people are on the bill, and some of which have made successful European tours, will also be seen with this large aggregation. A big novelty street parade will take place at noon. Seats now for sale at the usual places.

## Careful of His Health.

"Is there anything you want before you die?" asked a Western sheriff of a murderer on the gallows. "I would like a glass of new ale," replied the condemned man. It was brought and the man about to be ushered into eternity carefully blew off the foam before draining the glass. "Why did you do that?" asked the sheriff curiously. "Because the foam or new ale is bad for the health," said the condemned man as they adjusted the black cap. Then the drop was sprung.

Senator Hoar Finds Treasure. Senator Hoar heard the other day that an old lady in reduced circumstances had a fine portrait of Daniel Webster. The senator, who owns the largest and finest collection of Websteriana in the country, hurried to the address given and shortly owned the painting, which is from the brush of Chester Harding well known in art circles sixty years ago. He thinks it is one of the finest portraits of Webster in existence.

## A Big Deal.

Yesterday morning Ex-Mayor Adam Hafer received the following telegram from W. R. Baily of Hattiesburg, Miss.: "Will give you \$75,000 spot cash for your Mississippi lands. Answer quick." Mr. Hafer accepted the offer by wire and the deal was closed. Before noon he received telegrams from two others and a letter with reference to a purchase of the property which went to prove that the capitalists of that locality had awakened all at once to the desirability of the property. The tract consists of 4,140 acres of standing pine, which estimators say will cut 35,000,000 feet. Mr. Hafer purchased it from the United States government nearly thirty years ago during President Grant's administration.—Marshfield News.

## Wood County Asbestos.

The Wisconsin Valley Asbestos Mining company, which was recently incorporated under the laws of Wisconsin with a capital stock of \$400,000, is making preparations to begin active mining operations as soon as the spring opens up. The company has secured control of some 700 acres of land in the town of Rudolph, Wood county, the property lying about fourteen miles west of Stevens Point. The incorporators of the concern, who form the board of directors, are: John A. Murat, county judge and director of the Citizens National bank; George Vaughn, ex-register of deeds; C. D. McFarland, lawyer and director of the First National Bank; W. J. Walters and Levi F. Horn, conductors on the Wisconsin Central; T. H. Hanna, lawyer and capitalist; A. E. Dufree, real estate dealer; and Dr. C. F. Lahn, all of whom reside in Stevens Point, together with Frank E. Watson, attorney at Cadott, and J. E. Duncan of Rudolph, on whose land the asbestos was first discovered.

## It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in 5 days. For Ulcers, Wounds, Piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25cts. Sold by John E. Daly, Druggist.

—When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth you may know that you need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, improve your appetite and make your feel like a new man. They are easy take, being sugar coated, and pleasant in effect. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## Chronic Diarrhoea.

Mr. C. B. Wingfield, of Fair Play, Mo. who suffered from chronic dysentery for thirty-five years, says Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy did him more good than any other medicine he had ever used. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

—Choice cigars at Barnes &amp; Voyers

## Notice of Annual School Meeting

Agreeable to section 2, article 9, Grand Rapids city charter, pertaining to schools, notice is hereby given that the annual school meeting of Grand Rapids school district No. 1, to elect commissioners and to transact such general business as may legally come before it, will be held at the Howe high school building, situated in the second ward of the city of Grand Rapids, Monday, March 16th, 1903, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

Commissioners to be elected as follows:

First Ward—Commissioners to succeed Messrs. E. P. Arpin (short term) and W. H. Reeves (long term) whose term expire April 11th, 1903.

Second Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. A. L. Fontaine, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Third Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. T. A. Lipke, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Fourth Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. T. A. Taylor, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Fifth Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. A. N. Palmer, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Sixth Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. E. Oberbeck, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Seventh Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. F. X. Pomainville, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

Eighth Ward—Commissioner to succeed Mr. Guy Nash, whose term expires April 11th, 1903.

H. S. YOUNGER, Clerk.

## SAVE MONEY

Buy your hardware at wholesale and save the retailer's profit. Send for a full illustrated and priced catalogue on anything you want in Builders' Hardware, Blacksmith Hardware, Sash and Doors, Paints and Oils, Glass, Crockery, Nails and Barb Wire. Catalogue free.

Kliner, Lang & Schermann Co.  
MARSHFIELD, WIS.

## HARTS' Honey and Horehound

This preparation embraces in its formula the best medical agents to battle against the various forms of

Throat, Lung, or  
Bronchial Ailments

It cures successfully all those minor diseases, such as

Coughs, Colds,  
Whooping Cough,  
La Grippe

And prevents

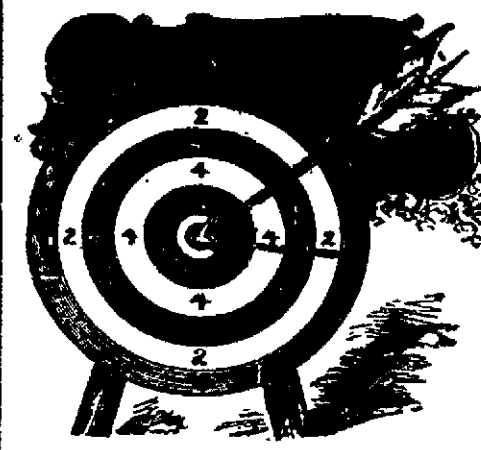
Pneumonia,  
Consumption,  
Croup, Diphtheria

It will in all cases give relief to Asthma, and usually effect a cure. Sold by

Sam Church,

The Bald Headed  
DRUGGIST.

Grand Rapids, - - Wis.



We'll be the  
**TARGET**  
For your House  
Bills.

Shoot 'em in to us.  
Our estimates will bring  
results.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS,

NEKOOSA,

W. GRAND RAPIDS.

MAIL ORDERS  
PROMPTLY  
ATTENDED TO

Department Stores

GRAND RAPIDS,  
WISCONSIN.

DON'T MISS THE GREAT

**"GRAB BAG"**  
**SALE!**

DRUG DEPT. 25c A GRAB.

COMMENCING MARCH 9, 1903

You all know what a large stock of goods is always to be found in the drug department of Johnson & Hill's big store. It is always complete, but is larger just now than ever before. We intend to get rid of the stuff by making up 500 packages which will constitute a grab bag sale. The packages will be sold at 25c each. Each package will contain something worth from 25c at wholesale to \$15. You are sure to get full value every time and the chances are that you will get something better. There will be articles of

Cut Glass, Perfume, Pocket  
Books, Fine Soaps, Fancy Stationery,  
Vases, China, Celluloid  
Goods and other articles

Too numerous to mention. The object of this sale is to get the money. We need it and are offering great bargains to obtain it. Samples of the many bargains may be seen in our show windows.

Remember we guarantee everything. Money refunded if not all right. Come in and help us clear the decks for the oncoming season.

**JOHNSON & HILL CO.**  
DEPARTMENT STORE.

WEST SIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grove

Cures Grip  
in Two Days.

on every  
box. 25c.



# WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line, no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

WANTED.—Two apprentices to learn dressmaking. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Gohlke or Mrs. Minnie Palmatier, 408 Main St.

FOR SALE.—One lot and 5 room house, four minutes walk from bridge. Inquire of C. F. Kruger at Johnson & Hill Co.

TO RENT.—Offices on the east side, over Cohen's store. Inquire of Dr. Charles F. Matulville, over Otto's Pharmacy.

MONEY TO LOAN.—O. E. Botes.

MUSIC LESSONS.—Miss Edith Bruderli will give music lessons on piano or organ, three hours for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LOST.—A ladies gold watch, Waltham movement. Finder will receive a liberal reward by returning to this office.

## FRANK A. CADY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY  
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

## GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Mackinon Block on the West side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## WHEELAN & WHEELAN, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daly Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## B. M. VAUGHAN, Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Garduer Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## W. J. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mackinon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## CONWAY & JEFFREY, Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$30,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## GEO. H. METCALFE, Attorney at Law.

Office in Mackinon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

## J. W. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

## JOHN A. GAYNOR, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

## WHEELAN & ROURKE. Law, Loans, Real Estate, Abstracts, Etc.

Office on the East Side over Cohen's Store.

## DR. O. T. HOUGEN, Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daly's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

## DR. W. D. HARVIE, Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. J. J. LOOZE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 246. Office over Wood County Drug store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. A. L. RIDGMAN, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. F. POMAINVILLE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 35, residence No. 248. Office in rear of Steff's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. D. WATERS, Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Office Hours 9 to 11:30, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8:30.

## DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE, Dentist.

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. D. A. TELFER, Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. F. D. HUMPHREY, Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

## DR. A. B. CRAWFORD, Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Reiland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

# SHORT LOCALS

Miss Irene Styles spent Sunday with friends in Arpin.

Sheriff John Ebbe was a Marshfield visitor over Sunday.

Mayor Wheelan and Ben Clouist were in Marshfield on Friday.

Miss Bertha Dahike left on Saturday for Milwaukee on a visit.

Miss Rebekah Shapiro spent Sunday with her folks at Medford.

L. E. Colvin of Pittsville was in the city on Friday on business.

George Wagner of Marshfield was in the city on Friday on business.

St. Catherine's Guild will meet with Mrs. Drumb next Friday afternoon.

The Entre Nous club will meet with Miss McMillan on Monday evening.

—For rent, two rooms. Inquire of Mrs. N. Pepin.

John Lindahl has purchased the team formerly owned by John Wheir.

Laundryman F. Boyer was at Merrill over Sunday visiting with friends.

The Woman's club will meet with Miss Alice Nash on Monday evening.

Attorney D. D. Conway went to Merrill on Sunday on legal business.

Henry Neiman of Rudolph was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office today.

The Ladies Travel Class will meet on Monday afternoon with Mrs. E. T. Harmon.

Merchant Geo. W. Lyons of Babcock was in the city on Friday on business.

Mrs. A. E. Gurdy of Nekoosa is in the city today the guest of Miss Jessie Stetzer.

Rev. Bittner was at Vesper on Sunday, where he held services in the new church.

Martin Anderson of Winona visited friends in the city for several days the past week.

Frank Boles of Nekoosa spent Friday afternoon in the city visiting with friends.

Miss Louise Podawiltz spent Sunday and Monday in Milwaukee on a shopping tour.

Assemblyman F. A. Cady and wife were at Marshfield over Sunday visiting with friends.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hartl of the west side on Thursday.

Charles Hahn of Marshfield was in the city on Monday transacting business at the court house.

Raymond Sutor of Marshfield was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Chas. Laramie, over Sunday.

—The four conquerors of the world are fashion, love, death and low prices. We lead in the latter. Cohen Bros.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wierschem of the West Side are back home, having spent the winter up north.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mead are happy over the arrival of a boy baby at their High street home.

Attorney H. E. Fitch of Nekoosa was in the city on Monday transacting business at the court house.

—To introduce Collodio Carbon Artist proofs I will make special prices for the next 30 days. Morterud.

Otto Bachouse of the Marshfield Brewing company was in the city on Friday calling on his customers.

Joseph Hollmuller, who has been with the Johnson & Hill company as salesman, has resigned his position.

—I will make stamp photos for Merrill and spent several days the past week with his family in this city.

—One hand washes the other. We have the goods and low prices try us in everything you need. Cohen Bros.

—Keep in mind the grand concert and dance to be given by Dode Fiske's orchestra at the Opera House, March 19th.

Hugh G. Corbett spent Sunday and Monday at Berlin visiting his family and transacting some business matters.

Miss Mayme Conway has been quite sick with the grip during the past week but is somewhat better at this writing.

The family of F. P. Daly have been prostrated with the grip during the past week but are recovering at this writing.

C. W. Breon of Nekoosa has purchased the saloon known as the Dew Drop Inn on the west side of Bill Kruger.

George Ward, treasurer of the town of Dexter, was in the city on Monday making his final returns to the county treasurer.

Mrs. N. Rummel and children, Eunice and Gordon of Arpin visited at the Kuntz home a few days the past week.

Miss Jennie Kuntz has been confined to her home the past week with an attack of tonsillitis, but is able to be out again.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Huckins of Pittsville were in the city on Thursday, having been detained here by the soft weather.

Ray Love, Dan McKercher and Lee Love were down from Merrill over Sunday to spend the day with their friends and relatives.

W. T. Jones, traveling salesman for a Michigan firm, returned from a seven weeks' trip and spent Sunday in this city with his family.

John Wheir departed on Tuesday for a few weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Wild Rose and Berlin before leaving for the west.

George W. Paulus returned on Tuesday morning from Chilton where he had been at the bedside of his brother-in-law, who is seriously ill.

Miss Alice Nash returned on Monday evening from Chicago, where she had spent the past week taking in the sights of the western metropolis.

Miss Lizzie Bever left on Saturday for Chicago, where she expects to spend a couple of weeks looking up the latest styles in dressmaking.

Mrs. A. M. Muir and daughter, Jeanette expect to leave today for Milwaukee, where they will spend a few weeks visiting with friends.

H. C. McCann went to Rhinelander on Monday expecting to be absent until Friday, assisting in some matters at the store of the firm at that point.

Elbert Kellogg and Bert Dannenfeler of Nekoosa, and Miss Marie Passano of the city, spent Sunday at Byron, the guests of Miss Nettie Akey.

Miss Agatha Scheider returned home Saturday after a two months' visit among relatives and friends at Watertown, Richwood and Hanover.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

Martin Jackson, who is representing the Milwaukee Harvester company this year in Wood county, was a business visitor in Marshfield over Sunday.

Duke Clairmont has resigned his position as deliveryman with Johnson & Hill company and accepted a position in the grocery store of W. Gross & Co.

Edward Thompson, operator at the Wisconsin Central, resigned his position last week. Mr. Thompson is thinking of going west in a few weeks.

—The Grab Bag sale at the drug department of Johnson & Hill company is still on. Don't miss attending and getting a chance at the prizes.

Simeon Crotteau's sons Elmer and Ernest of Rudolph are back home, with a hearty welcome from friends, having spent the winter at Kennan, Wisconsin.

There were several vivid flashes of lightning and the accompanying peals of thunder on Friday evening which made it seem as if spring was here sure enough.

J. C. Fogarty and William Westfelt of Nekoosa were in the city on Tuesday evening to attend a meeting of the local lodge of Elks, of which they are members.

—Don't take our word for granted, but ask your neighbor about our treatment. We have served them for the last eleven years. Give us a trial, Cohen Bros.

Private advices received from E. L. Kromer state that that gentleman has gone to work in Minneapolis and will probably remove his family there and reside permanently.

A. W. Gitchell has sold the stock and leased his blacksmith shop to Sam Rawson. Mr. Gitchell continues in the plumbing business and can be found at the old stand.

—Pillsbury's Best Flour, being of Hard Spring Wheat, will absorb more water when dough is prepared than will other flour, and will keep moist (fresh) longer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Leonhard of Greenleaf and Mrs. N. Rummel of Wrightstown visited at the home of Mrs. T. Kuntz and G. J. Leonhard the past week.

Miss Foogman has been incapacitated several days the past week with an attack of the grip. Miss Laura Eumous has filled her position in the schools during her sickness.

Joseph Cohen has moved the two wooden buildings owned by him onto Center street and expects to continue work on his new building as rapidly as the weather will permit.

—Pillsbury's Best Flour is neither adulterated nor partly cooked. It will stand drying out. One-fifth less than other flour will go as far. Not only best, but cheapest.

A. E. Falch was laid up with the grip for several days the past week and his place in the public school has been filled by Miss Jennie Hasbrouck. He was able to resume his duties again on Monday morning.

—See J. F. Moore if you need anything in the shape of a first class hand made wagon. All kinds of repairing and blacksmith work done also.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller of Ashland have been in the city the past few days the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Miller. They expect to leave today for Milwaukee for a few days visit.

Floyd Moore, who is now located at Ironwood, where he is working at the clothing business was in the city on Friday and Saturday visiting his numerous friends. He went from here to Chicago after which he returns to Ironwood.

Ed. Hayes, Ben Clouist, Charles Karneen and W. E. Wheelan went to Wausau last Thursday evening to take in the boxing exhibition. They report a good show, well worth the price of admission.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Arpin arrived home on Saturday after an extended visit thru the west, having been absent about three weeks. They were in Colorado much of the time and report a very pleasant trip.

—Send to us or telephone and allow us to call for your prescriptions. We make a specialty of prescription work using the greatest care and only pure drugs in their preparation. Otto's Pharmacy.

Joseph Corriveau has sold his saloon property on the east side to W. W. Booth of Greenwood and the new proprietor took charge of the place on Saturday. Mr. Corriveau expects to go to Chicago. He has not decided what he will engage in.

Robt. DeGross, who has been employed on the Tribune for the past five months, left for his home in Marshfield on Saturday. Mr. DeGross has signed with Gollmar Bros. circus band for the coming season.

—Portraits enlarged in any style in Seola, Crayon and Water Color, at the low price of \$1 each. The Home Portrait company, west side, near Centralia Hardware Co. No agents.

Oswald Menzel has got out a set of post cards with views of Grand Rapids on them which are very pretty and nicely selected. There are nine in the set, any one of which makes a very pretty souvenir to send to a distant friend.

At Stevens Point on Friday night the city council passed the ordinance granting a franchise to the street railroad company. The council had the matter under consideration for several weeks before granting the measure.

Twenty-four little girl friends assembled at the home of Nellie Palmatier on Saturday to celebrate Miss Nellie's 12th birthday. The afternoon was spent in playing games and kindred amusements and a very pleasant time was the result.

—There are no blanks in the Grab Bag sale at Johnson & Hill Co.'s store, and if you go quick you may not be too late to get a chance.

The five months old boy of Ernest Saeger died on Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock from bronchitis. The funeral will be held on Friday, the remains to be interred at Seneca Corners. Mrs. Saeger, who has also been quite sick, is some better at this writing.

—Don't miss getting in on the Grab Bag sale at Johnson & Hills.

N. J. Richards and family, who have been under quarantine for the past six weeks for scarlet fever are well at this writing and at liberty once more. Mrs. Tillie Shattuck, who has been a great helper to Mrs. Richards during their illness, reports it not being a great pleasure to be under quarantine.

Frank F. Walters, who has been employed in the capacity of druggist at the Wood County drug store, has tendered his resignation and will leave on Friday for Green Bay, where he has accepted a position with the Kennedy Suffer drug company as traveling salesman. Irving Brazean will fill the vacancy with the Wood County drug company.

—A grand concert and dance will be given by Dode Fiske's Baraboo orchestra. Thursday, March 19th, at the Grand Opera House. This is an eleven piece orchestra and one of the best in the state, which will make the dance the event of the season. Reserved seats for the concert will be on sale at the usual places. Dance tickets \$1.00.

—Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

Fred Roenius has been quite sick at the home of his parents in this city since last Thursday, the cause of his illness being nervous prostration. Fred, who is attending high school, has been studying quite hard of late, and it is thought that he has done more in this line than his strength would stand, and the result is a general breaking down of his system. His many friends in this city hope for his speedy recovery.

It is seldom that the snow disappears as rapidly in the spring as it has done this season. Usually it takes several weeks in this climate to get rid of the snow that has accumulated during the winter, but about one week of mild weather did the business pretty completely. As a consequence the roads have been rather muddy and sloppy during the past week, but work in all lines has seemed to progress in spite of this drawback.

Arrangements are about completed for a great wrestling match to take place in Marshfield on Saturday evening, March 21st, between Fred Beell and John Rooney, better known as the giant gripman of Chicago. The match will be an even one, best two out of three falls, for a side bet of \$200 and a 40 and 60 per cent division of the gate money. The match should be a good one and will no doubt draw a large crowd. Rooney has a national reputation and weighs over 225 lbs. while Beell will enter at about 165.

The parties at Wausau who are talking inter-urban line seem to mean business, as they are still working at the matter and claim that the line will be built. The latest news on the matter is to the effect that the line will run from Merrill to Nekoosa by way of Stevens Point. Neal Brown of Wausau is one of the prime movers in the project while there are associated with him Walter Alexander and Andrew Kreutzer. It seems hardly probable that an electric line between Nekoosa and Stevens Point would pay any interest on the investment necessary to build it, but this surmise may be a mistake.

THESE WINDS  
CHAP HANDS.

WE have an excellent VIO-LET LOTION that we are selling a lot of, and it is giving splendid satisfaction for rough chapped hands and dry skin. There is nothing greasy or sticky about it. It doesn't soil gloves or fine fabrics. It rubs in quickly and gives a nice odor to the hands. Come in and try a little of it. It won't cost you anything to rub a little on your hands and see how you like it. The regular bottle sells for 25c. Many of our best customers are using it right along. Price 25c.

OTTO'S PHARMACY  
GRAND RAPIDS.

••• YOU KNOW THE PLACE •••



Worn  
in  
Sunshine  
or in  
Showers

Thoroughly  
Moisture  
Proof

# The Approach ..OF SPRING..

naturally reminds us that there must be a separation between us and our old suit which we have clung to so long, particularly while it could be covered with the overcoat. And that, too, must be laid aside and replaced by a new spring "Top Coat" or one of those new "Watersheds" which are to be worn in rain or shine.

And about the first thought is, where will I find the best line of Suits and Spring Overcoats and Furnishings to complete my outfit for this season, and can feel sure that I have got the correct thing. We don't wish to be boastful, but we do crave the opportunity to show you the Superior Points in our goods in Quality, Fit, Style, Make, etc.

We ask you to be wise and come to a place where quality reigns supreme. It is quality that has done so much toward making our store the most popular clothing establishment in the city. Each week adds new things in every line and we earnestly solicit the inspection of the most particular buyers.

Our new spring stock of hats is here and in this line are found all the new shades and colors which are so popular in all the large cities. Come to us and get the right things. The blacks are particularly attractive this year, and here you have a most extensive line to choose from.

Ask to see our new line of "King George shoes." We have them in Box Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Calf and Velour Calf, all made on the new lasts for the season of 1903. Price, \$3.50.

# PANTS! PANTS!

Our new spring line of Pants "dwarfs" all previous showings, without exception far ahead of anything we ever have shown, in many ways, in line of styles, make, selection of patterns, quality, workmanship, etc. Don't miss this showing of Pants.

Prices Range from \$6.00 Down.

All we ask of you is to be sure and get into the Right Store.

# "Fit Well—Wear Well" Trousers

We admit that there are custom tailors producing trousers that look as well as the new "R. & W." styles we are offering.

There are no better trimmings, labor, style or fit in made-to-measure goods. You have the advantage with our garments of seeing just how they look or fit made up; the foremost trouser makers in America guarantee every pair, so do we.

Our prices suit your needs, about as important a point as any, after quality.

KRUGER & WARNER'S  
Wood's Brick Block. East Side.



# ADVENTURE OF A QUEEN'S COURIER

By Herbert Montmorency

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I AM afraid I cannot emulate the example of my fellow couriers," said Major Maurice, "and delight the members of the club with a thrilling story of adventure abroad for the simple reason that during the short period I had the honor of serving her majesty my duties were entirely confined to journeys within the boundaries of Great Britain. But the memory of one little episode in my career will last me a long time, and, in accordance with the desires of my brethren around the table, I will relate a little adventure."

There was a loud burst of applause, and the major, having prepared his laryngeal organs by a glass of wine, commenced his story:

"It was in 188— that one October night I was waiting in the state apartments at Windsor for an important dispatch which had to be conveyed by my hands to St. Stephen's. I had given orders for a special train of one coach to take me from Windsor to Waterloo, and arrangements had been made for a clear line. A great crisis pended the action of the government, which would be taken upon the document containing the queen's signature, which I was to convey to London. My mission was of the utmost importance. It was nearly 10 o'clock before I received the document, and in a very few moments I was whirling rapidly in the direction of the railway station."

"Arrived there, I hurriedly left the carriage, dashed into the station and made my way toward the departure platform. I had barely reached this when two well-dressed men darted out from a recess in which they had been lurking and approached me. One of them put his hand in anything but gentle fashion upon my shoulder."

"What do you mean?" I said. "Hands off, will you? Here, station master," I said, swerving in the direction of that individual, who was waiting on the platform, "who are these fellows and what do they want?"

"But before the station master could answer my question the intentions of the men were very apparent."

"The game's up," said the one who had clapped his hand upon my shoulder. "You have played it a long time and so far have had the better of us. It's our turn now. Here, Bill. Just help me with the bracelets."

"I was struck breathless with astonishment as he produced a pair of handcuffs and, with the assistance of his companion, forcibly locked them upon my wrists."

"This is an unwarrantable outrage!" I cried as soon as I could recover myself. "You have made some terrible mistake, and you have made it at a very serious moment. If you are officers of the law, as I suppose you are, let me inform you that I am a messenger of state proceeding upon an important political errand."

"Yes," said the man who had first spoken; "we know all about that. You will have a better acquaintance with state matters by and by. It is a clever deal, no doubt, but we have hung around a bit too long and too anxiously to be taken in by it. We will discuss your political errand later on. For the



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

present, Mr. Price, let me formally say that I arrest you on a warrant charging you with the murder of Reginald Landgrove of Slough and also with various other crimes. Now, then, if you are ready we will make a move."

"I was boiling with suppressed rage and excitement."

"How dare you, sir?" I said. "You must—you shall listen to what I have to say. You have made a mistake. My name is not Price. It is Maurice. If you will take these beastly things off my wrists, I will present you my card and also show you my papers. You have made a mistake, I say. I am courier of her majesty, and I command that I be liberated at once. The station master will tell you that I have a special train in waiting to convey me to London."

"The appeal to the station master was fatal."

"Oh, yes," he said to the detectives. "There was a train waiting, but that has gone with the gentleman who ordered it."

"It is a lie!" I said. "I ordered the train and ordered it in person. Surely you ought to remember me?"

It was the misfortune of the major to have an unmistakable limp. This it was that made him so certain that the station master would not mistake him.

"Well, sir," said the official, "I do not know that I should recollect the gentleman who ordered the train any more than that he limped very badly, and that was what made me so positive about the gent who has gone off in the special, for he limped as if his leg was broken—a more real limp than the one I see you are putting on for the occasion. In other respects the gent who has just gone off and you are very much of a likeness."

"The two officers seized me by either shoulder and began to urge me forward out of the station. As we marched into the road a rider on horseback came clattering up. Immediately he saw me he reined in and dismounted. Saluting respectfully, he said:

"Her majesty has dispatched me after you, sir, in the hope that I should catch the train and commands that you present this document also with the others you have in your possession."

"The detectives were staggered, and the man, finding that I did not take the document from him, looked down and saw the handcuffs."

"What does this mean?" he said to the detectives.

"It means," I interrupted, "that I have been arrested by mistake for some criminal who, owing to a likeness, pretended or real, to me has gained possession of my special train to London and is now making good his escape."

"It was the work of but a brace of seconds for the detectives to release my hands, muttering apologies the while. I unbuttoned my coat, showed them my credentials and the document with the royal seal on it and demanded to know, now that they had successfully interfered with the transaction of the queen's business through their blundering idiocy, whether they were prepared to set me at liberty."

"The men were overwhelmed with the seriousness of the fault of which they had been guilty, and their consternation was not decreased by the knowledge that the real criminal was speeding away at the rate of fifty miles an hour toward London. The first thing to do was to telegraph for the fugitive train to be stopped at Staines, but the detective who hurried off to do this came flying back with the intelligence that the wire had been cut about four miles out of Windsor."

"Is there another special to be had?" I inquired of the station master, who was by this time worked up into a frenzy of excitement.

"No, sir," he said, "but there is an engine at your service if you would not mind making the journey in that. She is very fast and will do the journey up well within thirty minutes."

"What time will the special take?"

"Fifty-eight minutes," he replied.

"And how much start has she?"

"Twenty-five minutes."

"Then we ought to catch up with her," I replied.

"Just about, sir. You might somewhere the other side of Richmond if the engineer pushes the engine all he can."

"Then bring her alongside at once," I said. And within two minutes we were off, the detectives also being on board.

"I stepped up to the side of the engine."

"Now," I said to him as we got clear of the station, "it is worth £20 to you and £10 to the fireman if we draw up with that special before Waterloo is reached."

"I will do my best," said the driver, and, turning to his mate, he directed him to pile all the fuel possible on the fire.

"The plates grew redhot with the fierceness of the furnace that roared within, and on we went at a speed such as I never traveled before and hope never to travel again. That engine tore over the rails like a demon possessed of demons, and we clung breathlessly to the iron ledge before us."

"As we approached Staines the detective drew out a notebook and, still clinging with the hand with which he held the book to his support, scrawled with the other hand a rough message. It ran thus:

"Station Master, Staines: 'Wire Twickenham to stop special train ahead.'"

"He had hardly finished writing when we clattered through Staines station. An official was on the platform, and at him the detective threw a small silver matchbox containing the message."

"The moon had risen, and we saw trees and banks and telegraph poles flashing past us like continuous streaks."

"Through Asford and Feltham we dashed at a terrific speed and rumbled with a roar like thunder over the little bridge beneath which ripples the Crane on its way to feed the Thames. Still no sign of the special. But a mile farther on the engineer gave a shout of triumph."

"There she is! There—right ahead! Just slackening down to go into Twickenham. The message has reached there all right, I know, and perhaps she has been delayed outside with the signal against her. Yes, that is it. There is the red light. Now we shall capture our quarry!"

"It was as he said. The train had been brought to a standstill. In a few moments we should be close upon her. The detective could scarcely contain himself for very delight. For me it would mean a momentary delay in changing from the engine to the special, but that would soon be accomplished,

and I should continue my journey in comfort."

"Our engineer signaled to the man in front by means of the boiler, the immediate result of which was a still greater slackening of speed."

"At the same time our man shut off steam and applied the brake."

"And then as we were drawing slowly up toward the special we witnessed a strange thing."

"We saw a figure emerge from the train ahead on the footboard and slowly make his way in the direction of the engine. Then as we watched he suddenly pointed a revolver at the head of the engineer. Crack! And we saw the victim of this cold blooded outrage throw up his hands and reel into the arms of the fireman."

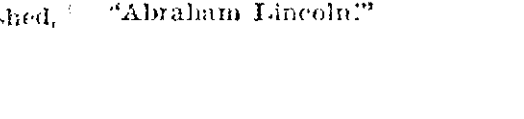
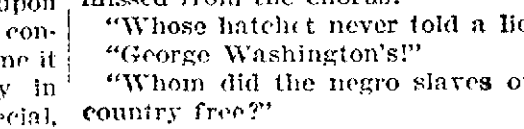
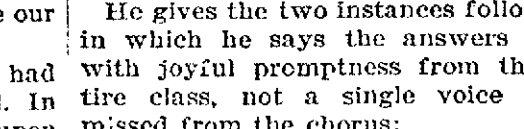
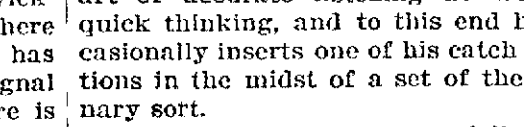
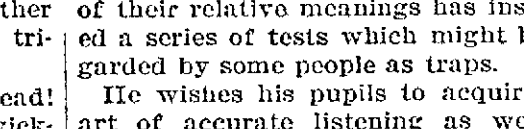
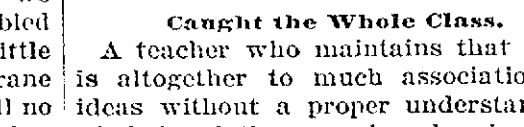
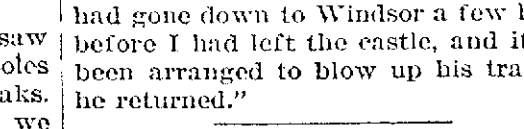
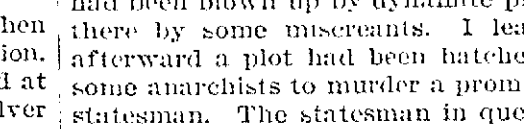
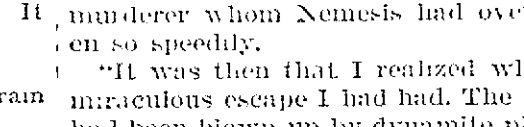
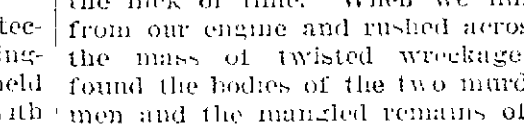
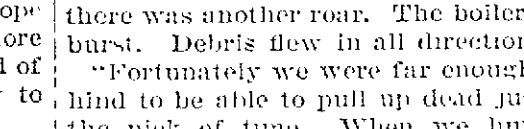
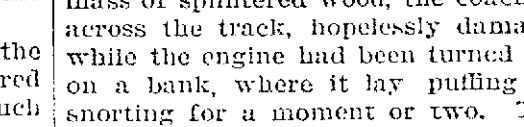
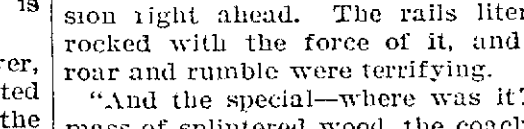
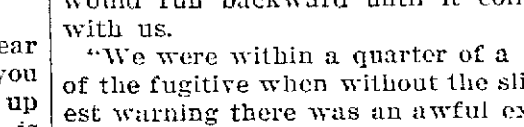
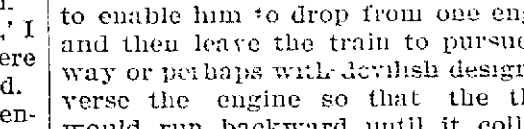
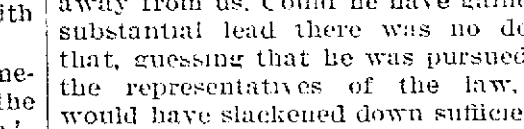
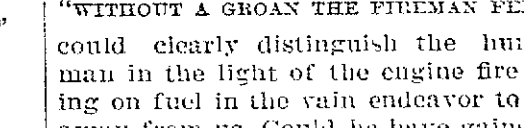
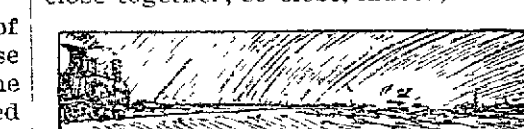
"Another instant and the man on the footboard was clambering up to the engine's platform. The fireman, releasing his dying mate, rushed to the side and aimed a fierce blow at the intruder, but the villain dodged and once more fired his revolver. Without a groan the fireman fell back into the engine."

"Quickly gaining the footplates, the man switched on the steam and, pulling the lever, sent the train speeding over the ground. The guard, the only other living being on the train, had jumped to the ground upon the alarm of the pistol shot, and now he was left behind."

"We picked him up and again started in pursuit, but before we could get well under way the fugitive, tearing along at a frightful speed, managed to put half a mile between us."

"What a mad race that was! Through Twickenham and on through Richmond tore the runaway, heeding no signals. And we followed. It was a good thing that nothing was on the line, for there was no stopping that madman in front."

"Two miles past Richmond we rounded a curve, which brought us pretty close together; so close, indeed, that we



# THE RESULTS OF A JOKE

[Original.]

Tom Shafto was always trying to be facetious.

Tom's facetiousness cost him so many friends that he was finally reduced to but one man, who stuck to him. This was Albertus Whiteright. Whiteright was an exemplary young man with an exemplary young wife. The Whiterights were members of St. Andrew's church, and Burt was always on hand Sunday nights to show strangers to seats and pass the plate. Mrs. Whiteright before her marriage had made it an indispensable condition that the man she married should be a good churchman, and as she considered her church the only true church Burt was obliged to be confirmed before he became her husband.

Shafto was quite intimate with the Whiterights, counting Mrs. Whiteright one of his closest friends, as well as her husband. Frequently when Burt was detained late at the office Tom would keep his wife company. One night Tom called at the Whiterights' about 10 o'clock, and, though he remained till 12, the husband did not return.

"You needn't look for Burt till 3 o'clock in the morning," said Tom.

"Why not?" asked the wife, looking up surprised.

"Why, this is the night of the French ball. Burt is undoubtedly there."

Now, every one who lives in New York knows that the French ball or annual gathering given by the Cercle Francaise is a masquerade composed of elements and productive of antics rendering it an unfit place for one occupying a high place in the church. Mrs. Whiteright looked shocked and was about to make an indignant reply when she remembered Tom's proclivity for facetiousness. She simply looked grave and said nothing. Shafto, seeing that the lady declined to be jollied on so serious a subject, turned it and began to talk of other matters. Soon after he took his leave.

At 3 in the morning Whiteright put his night key into the lock and let himself in softly, thinking that his wife was asleep and not wishing to disturb her. To his surprise, she was sitting in the library.

"Why, my precious darling, what are you doing up at this time?"

"It is a wife's duty to bear her husband's burdens with him. If you must work so late, I decline to rest in a luxurious bed."

"It's very lovely of you, but unnecessary."

"What was the nature of your work tonight?"

"An error in the cash. I was obliged to find it or carry it over, which would have made it all the worse."

"By the bye, did you know that this is the night of the French ball?"

"French ball?" Whiteright started.

"Yes."

"What do you know about the French ball?"

"I know that it is an improper ball for my husband to attend."

"I? My dear, so you accuse me of such a thing?"

"I have been told that you were there."

Whiteright caught at the back of a chair for support.

"Who told you such a thing?"

"One of your intimate friends."

"How did it do him know?"

"That doesn't matter. Burt, I am ashamed of you, a man of your position. And to think that you should have so deceived me! I shall never have any confidence in you again."

Mrs. Whiteright took out her handkerchief, wiped her eyes and, rising, went upstairs. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth between the Whiterights not only that night, but for nights and days to come.

The next afternoon Shafto saw Whiteright coming down the street and had a joke ready for him. What was his surprise to see Whiteright pass him with his head in the air. Shafto hurried after him.

"What in the world's the matter, Burt? Have you gone blind?"

"I have always supposed," replied the other angrily, "that you had the decency not to give a man away to his own wife."

"I give you away to your wife? I never did any such thing."

"You did it last night."

"Last night? How?"

"You informed my wife that I was at the French ball."

"You at the French ball? Who would believe that you would go to such a place? Certainly not I. Now I remember I did say something of the sort as a joke."

"Joke or no joke, I was at the French ball. I was masked, and no one would have known it if it hadn't been for your contemptible gibe away. Good morning."

And with a snort Whiteright broke away from Shafto, and their friendship came to a termination.

The end is not yet. Mrs. Whiteright, who had a conscience like a poker, decided that her husband was not in a spiritual condition to go to the communion table. All her troubles were divided into two classes, the one for her doctor, the other for her pastor. This was for her pastor. She confided the whole affair to him. The pastor invited the delinquent to his study, and told him that the offense must go to the vestry. When Whiteright met the vestry, he regretted the matter, especially as he had intended subscribing \$500 for the chimes, whereupon the vestry decided that the French ball was not (necessarily) a place interdicted to a churchman.

The Whiterights remained at home the next summer and saved money to pay the subscription.

ALEXANDER R. SHERMAN

# HIS NIGHTMARE.

BY JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

He knew he was ill when he left his office to go home. When he reached the street the wind-blown sleet whipped his face and brought the tears dripping to his cheeks. He buttoned up his greatcoat and edged his way gingerly along the slippery pavement. Then he bolted into a saloon, bought a fiery drink, and tried to remember what summer was like. The cold shivers chased each other down his back, and he felt a dull, insistent pain between his shoulders. Out in the street again he tried to use his handkerchief, but his nostrils stung him as if he had inhaled the pepper of Cayenne, and the bit of wet muslin in his hand froze and cut him.

Even in the superheated car, as he rode homeward, the sense of chilliness did not leave him, and at each opening of the door he sneezed, coughed and shook. The three flights of stairs leading up to his flat never seemed so steep and endless. He went in and, hesitating to alarm his wife, sat down at the dinner table. But a sickly quail seized him, his head began to swim, the lights whirled about him, and he knew no more. He dreamed of a world where there was no sun and the moonlight shimmered into rifts of luminous snow; where the frozen branches of the trees splintered like icicles in the resistless wind, and the face of the earth creaked and groaned in the grinding grip of an endless winter. He alone, of all things, was hot. His tongue parched against his palate and he yearned for water, but the seas were shining floors of flinty crystal, the rivers were of cut glass, and the snow was as dry and bitter as the salt of the dried up desert sea.

The very air seemed hard and tangible, so that to walk tired him, and a wave of his hand seemed like rolling away some giant stone. His blood went slowly through his veins, stinging like needles as it strove along, and his feet were as lead, cold and heavy, so that the ground rang when he stepped and ten strides wearied him beyond endurance. He tried to remember the appearance of old fires, burning logs, kitchen-stoves, gas ranges, even steam heat, but these vague visions, frozen in his brain, and his blinded eyes, closer upon the dazzling desolation of a frozen world.

Then the night seemed to end. The lead east grew gray, then yellow, pearl-pink and red. The floor of the frozen sea heaved and broke; the warm light fell upon cliffs of ice and they ran away into the west like frightened ghosts; the rivers moaned and shook, and mighty stalactites and changing icicles fell upon the ground and trickled down to the sea in little rivulets. A breeze, like the breath of a summer morning, swept in from the deeps, and suddenly the vast silence which had pinched his ear-drums was broken with a dim and winsome melody. Burning in the midst of ice, he felt cool water on his forehead, and knew that it was trickling down his neck and into his ears.

He opened his eyes then and felt in his nostrils the pungent tang of palm gum, and down across the greening hill upon which he sat he could see above the waving yuccas, the dense magnolias and the waving pepper trees, the shimmering, sunlit surface of a summer sea. Ten yards away a man in cotton trousers was tramping a hedge and the scent of the faded rose leaves which he tossed into a bayonet reeled the dreamer of old days and love letters and locks of hair that he had for gotten years ago. Far down along the beach he could see the brooklets tumbling in white curls upon the sand, and the cadence of the surges was so musical and tender that he closed his eyes and wished the dream might never end. He looked down and saw far away, the children, peeks as of some rocky islands in the sea, and in the intervals the dipping of some brown, some white, some rubby in the sun the sails of ships that sailed upon the water.

Then he felt himself bowled along by some invisible and yet powerful force. The man at the hedge drifted swiftly past, but the breeze warm and invigorating, caressed his hot cheeks and fluttered his hair. He sniffed the air and kept his eyes shut, afraid that another look would show the fraud atrocities of his monstrous experience in the Arctic region.

Then he heard a strangely familiar voice say:

"How is he, Jane?"

"I think he's better, ma'am," said a chipper voice behind him, "he had his eyes wide open in the plaza."

"Did he seem to know? Did he say anything?"

"No'm, he never said anything, but I seen him kind of peeking round. I put the cold bandage on his head, and—"

"Who's that talking?" whispered the dreamer.

"Sh-sh! Jane! Go and get the poulterers ready!"

"Then—"

"It's I, Henry! Your wife!" the voice said, "don't get frightened!"

"Oh, I'm not frightened!" he said. "Is it really you, Mary?"

"Yes, it is Mary."

"Is the water over, Mary? I've been dreaming about seas and geyseres and—"

"And then I'll be to wake up," said the voice, "and you'll be cold touch against his lips, it's milk punch."

"Is that so? Drawed out, Mary?" he whispered, keeping his eyes shut.

"Yes, Henry. The sea and the river and everything is thawed out. It's summer here."

"Those are not robbers, I saw out there in the water, are they?"

"No, Henry. Those are the Spanish Isles. Don't you know where you are?"

"No, I don't. Do you?"

"Sure I do. You're down by the Pacific ocean—southern California, you know! You've had pneumonia, Henry. But you're all right now. Now let me put on a poultice!"

"And we're in a tropical region where the sun shines and the waters flow?"

"Yes, Henry. You don't even have to buy cold beer!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Valuable Piece of Work.

A Boston lady was recently visiting New York, and looking around the city she had entered a bric-a-brac shop with a view of purchasing something odd, and looking about noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone: "Worth about half a million, madam; it's the proprietor."—Golden Days.

Welcome Pain.

Mother: No, George, I think you must not have any pineapple. It might give you a pain.

George (after a pause): Mother, it's worth it.—Anglo-Celt.

# An Apple Tree's Roots.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in honor of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffins could be traced only by the carbonaceous matter. The rusted hinges and nails and a round wooden knot remained in one grave, while a single knot of braided hair was found in the other.

Near the graves stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the coffined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn as if passing around it and followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where both turned upward toward the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knees, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form.

The Offertory.

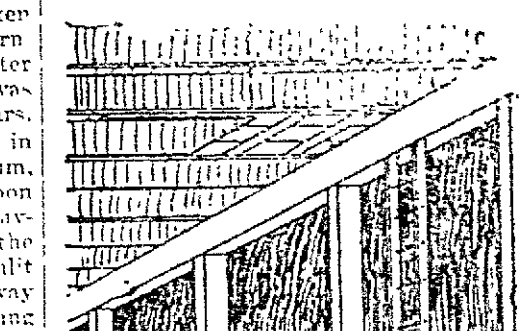
The offertory occasionally yields its humors. I can see no fun myself in dropping into the plate buttons or peppermint drops or gilded farthings. But these and other such like votive offerings occasionally come our way.

On one occasion a mild hint was given to a dirty looking vergor when a small coin was carefully wrapped up in a bit of paper inscribed, "For a bath for a prominent church official." On another occasion, when the officiating clergyman had been somewhat bungling through a difficult litany, a similar piece of paper was marked, "For a singing lesson for the curate."

After a somewhat rambling discourse from one of my colleagues, who shall of course be nameless, the church warden told me that a man at the bottom of the church, when he offered him the plate, took out a sixpence and looked at it ruefully and then cast it in with the remark, "Well, you shall have it, old fellow, but it's a deal more than that sermon was worth."—Cornhill Magazine.

For Comfort in the Barn.

A correspondent who has always been more or less annoyed by the draft of cold air which circulates up the bay shoot in the barn near the heads of the horses and in the sheep barn tells in an exchange of a way to prevent this cur-



SLIDING DOOR TO HAYMOW

rent at cold days. The trouble may be overcome by making a sliding door at the lower edge of the joists. Before going up into the mow one reaches up with a fork and slides the door open, and after throwing down what hay is needed closes it as he comes down again.

Cost of Marketing Lambs.

The cost of marketing lambs from the Montana station in Chicago has been stated as follows. It includes all expense of shipping, such as transportation, yardage, feed, commission, etc. Fifty-five lambs, weight 4,340 pounds; cost of marketing, \$12.96; cost per head, 78 cents.

Fifty-one one year wethers, weight 5,540 pounds; cost of marketing, \$54.84; cost per head, \$1.07.

Fifty-three two year wethers, weight 6,800 pounds; cost of marketing, \$67.20; cost per head, \$1.27.

Fifty-three ewes, weight 5,040 pounds; cost of marketing, \$49.29; cost per head, 94 cents.

Average cost per head, \$1.01.

It is added that the shipper will be safe in accepting the above data, as this instance the expenses are a trifle above normal, due to the necessity of holding over in St. Paul for two and half days in order to complete the trip with a special stock train. In this case, the expense of marketing was practically a cent per pound with the various classes of sheep.

Makes mother eat, makes father eat, makes grandma eat, makes grandpa eat, makes the children eat Rocky Mountain Tea does it. Great spring tonic. 35 cents. Sold by Johnson Hall & Co.

# WATCH REPAIRING.

Take your sick watches and clocks to W. G. Scott and he will make them well. All kinds of repairing and engraving done in a first-class manner.

You will also find an elegant stock of jewelry, silverware and cut glass to select from at his place. Prices are right.

W. G. SCOTT

The West Side Jeweler



## FOILED BY A TRICK.

A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.  
BY E. E. M'CUICHOON.

The circumstances attending the failure of Admiral Dahlgren's attack on Fort Sumter September 8 and 9, 1863, during the siege of Charleston, which was one of the greatest surprises to the union forces in the civil war, are known to but few. The assault had been planned carefully and with great secrecy, and there are probably some among those who participated in the attack who to this day are unaware of the manner in which their plans were frustrated.

The federal authorities earnestly desired the capture of Fort Sumter, principally for the moral effect, and for several months Brig. Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore, in command of the land forces on Morris island, and Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, commanding the South Atlantic blockading squadron, combined all their energies toward accomplishing this object. Sumpter was shelled continuously for several weeks and by the latter part of August was almost demolished, but the confederate soldiers, under command of Maj. Stephen Elliott, still bravely held the fort. Fort Wagner had been deserted by the confederates on August 7, and was occupied by the federal troops, who had also obtained entire possession of Morris island; but Sumter, the chief objective point, still held out.

The fort's gorge wall had been breached August 23, and when its artillery fire had been silenced Admiral Dahlgren thought it would be an easy matter to capture it by making a night attack. The admiral first summoned the garrison to capitulate, but the answer sent back was: "Come and take it!" Preparations were then made for a determined assault.

Some time before a union signal picket had been captured in the Florida district and brought to Charleston, where he was thrown into prison. With him was placed Capt. Phinny Bryan, assistant adjutant general on Beauregard's staff, disguised in the uniform of a federal signal officer. Capt. Bryan had studied the signal flags taken from the wreck of the Keokuk and was able to discuss matters pertaining to the union signal corps with his companion, who believed him to be a union signal officer of another fleet. They became confidential in their confinement and the fugitive captively drew from his companion the key to the code of signals used on the federal fleet stationed outside the harbor. The union soldier is said never to have learned of the duplicity practiced upon him by his supposed companion. The confederate signalmen were taught the system of signals, but learned not to read all messages exchanged between the forces of the federal fleet and the land forces. In reading the confederate reports of the siege one is struck with the large number of federal messages intercepted. This is the explanation.

On the afternoon of September 8 the confederate ship Chicora was anchored in the bay, near the port, and Lieut. C. L. Stanton, officer of the deck, to whom the writer of this article is indebted for these facts, was standing beside Simulman Daniels, who was examining the federal fleet through his glasses. Daniels suddenly turned to Lieut. Stanton and said: "Fort Sumter will be attacked to-night."

"How do you know?" asked Stanton. "I have just read a message from the flagship," Daniels replied, "for a boat from each ship, commanded by a lieutenant, to assemble at the flagship at 10 o'clock for such an attack."

Lieut. Stanton notified Admiral Tucker, who was in command of the confederate fleet, and he immediately went ashore and informed Gen. Beauregard of Admiral Dahlgren's plans.

After dark Fort Sumter was reinforced and the range found on the channel by Forts Johnson and Moultrie. The Chicora was moved from her station and anchored beside Fort Sumter. The night was intensely dark and the garrison could see nothing in front of them, but they were listening intently, and about 12 o'clock were rewarded by hearing the faint plash of muffled oars approaching. When the sound indicated that the boats were within about 100 yards of the Chicora she opened fire on them with grape and canister. This was the prearranged signal for the lighting of the Drummond light on the parapet of the fort, and the channel and beach were then exposed in a glare of light. The garrison at the several forts opened fire on the attacking party, which was in command of Lieut. Commander E. P. Williams, who pluckily came on and landed his men. The repulse is best described in Lieut. Williams' report.

"The enemy," he says, "sunk or disabled all my boats by shot or by bricks thrown from the walls. Finding it impossible to get over the walls, I ordered my men to shelter themselves in the holes made by our shells. The enemy kept up a constant fire on us, throwing hand-grenades, bricks, fire-balls and other missiles among us. Hoping something might be done for our relief, I would not surrender; but some of the men from Lieut. Bradford's boat, he having been mortally wounded in the landing, surrendered, and were ordered around on the left to come into the fort. I stopped these and ordered them under the walls. Soon finding that I was only losing my men without gaining anything, on a consultation with the officers I surrendered and was shown inside the fort, where we were courteously treated by Maj. Elliott."

The force captured by the confederates numbered 15 officers and 102 men. The spoils were four boats and three standards of colors. Among the latter was the flag carried from Fort Sumter by Maj. Anderson in 1861, and which had been taken along by the attacking party that it might be again unfurled on the ramparts of Fort Sumter, so confident were they of the success of their attack. The apparent foreknowledge of the attack possessed by the confederates, and which was mainly responsible for the failure of the plans of Admiral Dahlgren, was a source of great surprise to the union forces.

Lieut. C. L. Stanton, now of Lexington, Ky., relates an interesting phase of the affair. "Among the prisoners," he says, "I was both pained and delighted to discover Lieut. Remy, now a rear admiral in the United States navy. We had been schoolmates at Annapolis many many years before, and the fortunes of war had again thrown us together under rather romantic circumstances."—Chicago Daily News.

**Dr. Parker's Advice.**  
It is told of the late Dr. Parker that, when a very, very, very good young man came to him asking whether he should accept for certain special service a gold watch from an agnostic employer, he replied: "Take it, my lad; take it. If he had been a Christian perhaps he would not give it you."

**Such a Simple Way!**  
The pilgrim tells the story of a woman property-holder in New York whose agent brought her an insurance policy on her house. "You'd better give me a check for the premium now," he said.  
"How much is it?" she asked.  
"A little more than \$100. Wait a minute and I will get the exact amount."  
"Oh, how tiresome!" said the lady. "And I am in such a hurry! Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."

**The Ideal and Real.**  
"I used to have the reputation of saying the right thing at the right time," said the tall girl, "but that reputation is now denied me by people who know what happened that day I entertained my friend, Miss Powers, of Montana."  
"I became very chummy with Miss Powers the summer I lived in Helena. She was a charming girl. She had the highest ideals of any girl I ever knew. Her notions were particularly high in regard to men. I used to feel quite ashamed of my own debased views when talking to Miss Powers on the subject of men. I was not half as hard to suit as she was. Of course there were some kinds of men that I liked better than others, but if it came to a pinch and I got real lonesome in the Montana gymnasium, which I had unfortunately struck, I could cast my prejudices to the winds and put up with almost any old thing, just so it was a man."  
"Miss Powers could not do that. She had to have her ideal. In my most exalted moods I really could not blame her for being true to him, for he certainly would have been awfully nice if she could ever have found him. He was tall and dark, and forceful and splendid; he had a romantic nose, and he brushed his teeth with pink paste four times a day, and always went about with the scent of apple blossoms clinging to him. Personally, I could have dispensed with the pink paste and the apple blossoms if he had been a composite of all the other virtues, but Miss Powers could not surrender even those attributes."  
"He must be just like that," she said, "or I shall never marry."  
"Miss Powers did not marry while I was in Montana. She did not marry after I came back east so long as she continued to write to me. There came a time, however, when Miss Powers and I ceased to correspond, not because of any misunderstanding or unfriendliness, but simply through negligence both on her part and mine."  
"There was a period of three years during which I did not hear from Miss Powers. In the beginning of January, however, she remembered our old friendship and wrote me again. She had been visiting her relatives in Hartford. On her way back west she intended to stop in New York for a few hours and would like to see me if I found it convenient. Upon receipt of that letter all my old affection for Miss Powers flowered anew, and I wrote a very cordial letter in reply, inviting her to dine with me, to lunch with me, or do anything else her limited time would allow."  
"Miss Powers came to see me, but she did not come alone. She brought a man with her. She introduced the man as Mr. Botts. Mr. Botts looked like a late arrival from rural Sweden, and judging by the way Miss Powers set him aside in one corner of the room and excluded him from the conversation I thought that he really was a raw recruit to American enterprise and that he could understand but little English. Still, I couldn't make out what Miss Powers was doing with him. At last I concluded that he must be some farm-hand whom she had advised to go west under her wing and tempt fortune on a Montana ranch. By and by I asked her about him point blank. I nodded toward him in a friendly, encouraging way as I said it, and smiled sweetly.  
"Are you going to take him with you to give him a start?" I asked.  
"Miss Powers got as red and as awkward as Mr. Botts himself.  
"Well, rather," she said. "Where would you expect him to go? He is my husband."  
"I couldn't help it to save my life—I fairly shrieked:  
"Your husband?" I said, and then, not content with having broken all the rules of good breeding once, I broke them a second time. "That man your husband?" I said again.  
"My husband, of course," said Miss Powers. "What did you think he was? Why shouldn't he be my husband?"  
"I looked at Mr. Botts and I thought that a most superfluous question. Miss Powers evidently understood me. She stiffened ominously.  
"I don't see why you should seem so surprised," she said. "I wrote you I was married."  
"Oh, no, you didn't," said I. "It must have slipped your mind."  
"When I think over the painful scene now I am sorry for Mr. Botts. He must have felt awfully uncomfortable while we were talking about him that way, for he really could speak English and he understood every word we said.  
"Miss Powers—I cannot bring myself to call her Mrs. Botts—did not stay with me long. I did not ask her to stay. Excessive agitation over the transmutation of Miss Powers' ideal had betrayed me into an ineptitude whereby I had ruined my reputation as a felicitous speaker, and I was glad to see her go."—N. Y. Times.

**Irish Matchmaking.**  
Judge Adams, the county court judge of Limerick, in presiding at a lecture on Irish humor at the Irish Social club, one night, spoke of the humor of Irish matchmaking. According to the well-known proverb, marriages were made in Heaven, but anybody who knew rural Ireland knew that very often marriages were made in public houses. They were generally made on Shrove Monday, and the talk between the parties concerned was not of love or constancy or of blue eyes and golden hair, but mostly about cows and sheep, pigs, and feather beds. "It often happened that a bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar. A young girl once rushed into the house of a girl friend of hers and said: 'Mary, Mary, I'm to be married in the morning.' 'Yerrah, to whom?' inquired her friend. 'To one of the boys of the Donovans.' 'To which of them?' asked her friend. 'Well,' said the bride, 'twas rather dark near the fireplace, and I didn't rightly know which.' The judge mentioned another case where a woman called out to her daughter an hour earlier than usual of a morning: 'Mollie, get up at once.' 'Yerrah, for what, mother?' 'You're to be married to-day.' 'Indeed, and to whom?' inquired Mollie. 'Now, what's that to you?' replied the mother. —London Chronicle.

**The Czar Revoked.**  
"M. A. P." tells a story with regard to the late czar of Russia. He was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the present king, then, of course, Prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough-spoken Scotchmen who don't know fear of God or man. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar: "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales, I have been told, kicked the Scotchman under the table; and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong; whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar: "I dare say you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

**Jobson Has Typhoid.**  
"They seem to believe that Mr. Overway has typhoid fever—that he has had what is called 'walking typhoid' for some weeks," remarked Mrs. Jobson upon returning to the Jobson domicile after a visit at the home of a sick neighbor about a month ago.  
"Oh, they do, hey?" said Mr. Jobson. "And who are they?" A lot of croakers that have gathered around the man's bed to scare him to death? Walking typhoid, you say? They'll be telling the man next that he has walking yellow fever, peripatetic bubonic plague, hobo's pleurisy, six-day-go-as-you-please Bright's disease, sprinter's cirrhosis of the liver, run-a-mile-in-1:40 consumption, pole-vaulter leprosy, and—  
"But," interposed Mrs. Jobson, softly, "Mr. Overway himself is convinced that he has typhoid."  
"Oh, Overway believes it, too," said Mr. Jobson, sitting back magnificently in his easy chair and twiddling his thumbs. "Oh, well, that doesn't change the situation much. Overway has always believed any old thing one would tell him, anyway, but I didn't think that he would let a lot of women run into his house every time he gets a headache or toothache, and convince him that he was cured for quick dissolution on account of the presence in his system of all the walking germs that ever took their exercise over the frame of a human being."  
"But three physicians have pronounced Mr. Overway's trouble typhoid," put in Mrs. Jobson.  
"Yep, just because they wanted to make a hit with the women folks," snipped Mr. Jobson. "You'll notice that medical men agree to any old thing that the women folks of their patients say—they're wise."  
"But—" and right here Mrs. Jobson, contrived to describe to Mr. Jobson a few of the premonitory symptoms of typhoid, to which he at first declined to listen, interrupting her with the remark: "Yes, anybody can muster up the symptoms—all you've got to do to get anything the matter with you is to read or listen to enough nonsense about symptoms, and the first thing you know you'll be on the flat of your back, groaning over your impending doom." But when Mrs. Jobson continued to describe how their neighbor, feeling badly, had continued to work around for days and even weeks before he would consent to take to his bed, Mr. Jobson's brow finally became thoughtful and he fell silent. In fact, he ended by desiring Mrs. Jobson to describe at greater length all of the symptoms of typhoid that were known to her, and there was a sweet, subdued air about him during the remainder of the evening that considerably puzzled Mrs. Jobson. On the following morning, at the breakfast table, too, he displayed a new sort of amiable gravity of manner that caused Mrs. Jobson to wonder if there was anything momentous on his mind, and he kissed her with unusual fondness when he bade her good-bye for the morning at the vestibule door.  
Mr. Jobson arrived home at two o'clock that afternoon, and he regarded Mrs. Jobson with an expression of ineffable sorrow, mixed with pity, when he hung his hat up with a sigh and embraced her. He drew back suddenly after caressing her.  
"I forgot," he said, catching at his breath. "I should not have kissed you."  
"Not kiss me?" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, with an expression of astonishment.  
"Why not?"  
"Mr. Jobson cleared his throat sadly and almost toppled into an easy chair in the sitting room.  
"Because, my dear," he exclaimed, wiping a lot of purely imaginary dampness from his forehead, "because—I do not know that I should break the news to you so suddenly—so brutally—because—"  
"In heaven's name, what is it?" interrupted the alarmed Mrs. Jobson.  
"Well, my dear," said Mr. Jobson, "it is that I have, and have had for some time past, walking typhoid. And it seems improbable to me, at the present moment of speaking, that I shall survive the dread disease—my stout habit of body, the comparatively little exercise I have taken these and many other things will militate against me when I take to my bed, as I shall be compelled to directly. I am aware of the fact that I expressed a certain amount of skepticism yesterday when you were telling me of the symptoms premonitory of typhoid, but as you continued to converse the fact was borne in upon me that these were, in fact, the very symptoms which were afflicting me. I fear, my dear, that after all of our years together, I shall have to leave you—parting of the ways—and Mr. Jobson was straightway so overcome with his own self-sympathy that he couldn't go on.  
Mrs. Jobson had him in bed in some thing less than four minutes after his affecting little speech, and ten minutes later the doctor arrived. He looked Mr. Jobson over, tapped him, felt his pulse, took his temperature and then laughed aloud.  
"Jobson, get up," said the doctor, "and I'll give you a hundred yards! There's nothing ailing you except just the tiniest little dyspepsia!"  
Mr. Jobson scowled at the medical man and turned his face to the wall. The physician departed, still laughing pleasantly.  
"Madame," said Mr. Jobson, when Mrs. Jobson returned to his room, "you may telephone at once for one of the hospital wagons—I decline to remain longer in my helplessness under this roof. It is bad enough to be jerked by you when I express a belief in my serious, not to say my last illness, but when you meet my medical man in the hall and invite him to make me a butt of ridicule under my own roof, then, madame, I want to be removed to some place where my life will at least not be endangered by my nurse!" Washington Star.

**A Visit to an Army.**  
When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, I was studying at a German university, or, rather, I had finished my course and was making pedestrian tours over the continent of Europe. One morning after the battle of Gravelotte I walked into the German lines, hoping to find among the officers some of my former fellow students, but if any of them were there I did not meet them. I was taken to Lieutenant Colonel Schiff, who was what in the United States army we call the provost marshal, to whom I presented my credentials. I was traveling on an old passport that had not been vided (indorsed) by the proper authority for some time; but, being an American, with no interest whatever in the contest then raging between France and Germany, I did not consider it necessary to be very careful.  
Colonel Schiff took my passport, assuring me that an examination was a mere matter of form, though an imperative duty with him. An officer in his company at the time scanned my face, looked my figure over from head to foot, then said something to Colonel Schiff in a language (not German) that I did not understand. I felt sure it referred to me, but if it did the colonel gave no indication of it. After the officer left us the colonel invited me to be his guest during my stay in the camp.  
"I presume," he said to me, "that you wish to see something of the army. I am going to visit several different corps today and will be happy to have you accompany me."  
I assured him that I should be very thankful for the opportunity, and after furnishing me with a horse, accompanied by a small escort, we sallied forth. The colonel had his duties to perform and often left us to visit different headquarters, paying no attention to me except when disengaged, but I noticed a young officer of the party continually watching me. If I got out my glass to view a distant object, he craned his neck to see what I was looking at; if I took especial interest in a redoubt, he seemed equally interested in the fact; if I asked for information, he spurred his horse close enough to me to hear all that was said.  
When we returned from the tour, I was dined by the colonel and when I retired was given a tent with an army cot in it in which to sleep. I was awakened in the night by the guard changing sentries, and after the relief had passed away, hearing some one walking back and forth, I arose and looked out. There was a sentry pacing before my tent.  
"Well," I said, surprised, "these Germans are not inclined to let people get away in the night. But I suppose it is army custom with regard to civilians."  
The next morning after breakfast I thanked the colonel for his hospitality and told him that I thought I would take my departure.  
"Where do you go from here?" he asked.  
"I shall go to Paris, then take a steamer for New York."  
I knew nothing about military matters or I should not have thus boldly declared that after inspecting the German army I was going straight to the capital of France. The colonel looked at me strangely. Then a faint shadow of incredulity passed over his face.  
"Better stay with us another day," he said. "I have invited a number of officers to dine with you."  
Somehow I felt that the invitation was akin to an order. At any rate, I did not feel quite safe in declining. I spent the day at the colonel's headquarters and noticed that whenever I walked beyond the chain of sentinels those between whom I passed kept a critical eye upon me, and once when I went some distance an officer came running after me, politely informing me that no one was allowed to leave the camp without the colonel's pass.  
At dinner I was introduced to some fine fellows and enjoyed their society so well that I forgot the espionage to which I had been subjected. During the dinner the colonel was called away, and when he returned his manner toward me changed entirely. He was less deferential and less constrained. Indeed, for the first time his bearing toward me was natural.  
"If you care to rise early," he said to me before I retired, "I will show you an interesting army ceremony. Then, if you choose, you may proceed with your tour."  
"I shall be delighted to join you for the ceremony, and I really must proceed as soon as it is over," I replied.  
Notwithstanding the change in the colonel's bearing toward me I felt uneasy. There was a drawing down of the corners of his mouth when he used the word "ceremony" that I did not like. I awoke soon after going to sleep and looked out. There was no guard before my tent. I was puzzled. Finally I went to sleep and was awakened at dawn by the colonel's orderly.  
Our party rode a short distance and stopped at a barn. A platoon of soldiers were standing at what we call "parade rest." Suddenly the barn door opened, and a man pale as death was led out under guard.  
Great heavens! He was the very image of myself.  
Here was the explanation of all that had passed. This man was a spy, and I had been mistaken for him.  
"We caught him," said the colonel to me, "last night. Had he succeeded in slipping away you would have been in his place this morning, for we were sure you were he."  
I did not want to witness the execution, but with the colonel's permission rode back to camp. He soon returned, and after he had given me breakfast I was permitted to depart.  
GULIAN C. VAN VORST.

**Graves in the Lake.**  
Hundreds of Bodies in Lake Superior That Never Came to the Surface.  
While the water used in Chicago may have to be boiled, the consumers are at least spared the pain of knowing that it is drawn off the top of a submarine graveyard. The harbor of Duluth, on the contrary, is a graveyard to all intents and purposes and lacks nothing but monuments and receiving vaults to make it complete, says the Chicago Tribune.  
Owing to the extreme coldness of Lake Superior the bodies of persons who are drowned there or who are thrown in sink immediately to the bottom and never rise. Over 500 dead lie in this submarine graveyard within one mile of the Duluth lighthouse. In Duluth, besides those drowned in the harbor itself, the bodies of those who are drowned in the river are carried out by the current into the lake, and sink to the bottom in the deep water. Nor are they long without sepulcher. The sands gradually cover them, the action of the water rounds off the little mounds where they lie, and there, securely tombed, they await the final trumpet.  
Sam Will-on, of Cleveland, one of the best known divers on the lakes, says that in the harbor of every great city built on cold water the same conditions exist. He says that often at a depth of 60 or 70 feet he has encountered the mounds which mark the last resting place of some unfortunate victim of the water.  
The lower end of Lake Michigan has water of a much lower temperature than that of Lake Superior, and the bodies of the dead rise to the surface and are carried by the waves and deposited on the beach. James Markham, of the chief of police's office, says the best proof that dead bodies do not lie in the lake off Chicago is that before the drainage commissioners taught the Chicago river to flow the other way, sailors who have fallen from ships in the river and drowned were carried into the lake, and the bodies would, after a few days, be picked up along the beach, sometimes along Lincoln park, but more often on the South side beyond Twelfth street. The bodies of persons drowned far out in the lake are in time washed by the waves up to the sand along its margin. Sometimes the bodies have been in the water so long and buffeted about by currents over the rough bottom of the lake to such an extent that only the semblance of a human form is found on the sands, but enough to prove the fact that Lake Michigan is not a graveyard, as is Lake Superior.

**Dogs on Battlefields.**  
They Can Be Successfully Taught to Hunt Out and Relieve the Wounded.  
Maj. Richardson, of the British army, has succeeded in training dogs for ambulance work, and recently exhibited his work at Netley, reports a London paper.  
On the first day the dogs were used over ground entirely unknown to them. A bearer company of 100 men was ordered out and a number told off as casualties, with directions to hide as well as possible in the grass and scrub over an area of about a mile long. The dogs were let loose to recover the casualties.  
All the casualties (21) were promptly recovered, although they did their best to evade the dogs. On the second day a number of men were hid in a wood with a thick undergrowth, and the dogs were slipped outside the wood. In a short time they found every casualty again.  
Under similar circumstances search parties would have taken a very long time to find the men, and in some cases would have missed them altogether.  
The dogs used by Maj. Richardson were two: one a cross between a red setter and a collie, the other a hill collie of deep tracking stock, both possessing excellent noses. He learned the method of training in the German army, and imported some of their best dogs to train the others by.  
The degree of interest in this subject in Germany is illustrated by the fact that in a three-day trial at Frankfurt last July, the dogs of eight different regiments took part, and in the recent China expedition the Jager battalions used 24 of these dogs, with excellent results.  
On the continent dogs are often used in conjunction with sentries, so that the number of the latter can be materially reduced, thus giving the men more nights in bed.  
An order to this effect has just been promulgated in Italy, and in France and Switzerland dogs have long been used to guard certain parts of arsenals and forts. The latest countries to use dogs for military purposes are Spain, Holland and Japan.  
**Nature's "Dried Garden."**  
A collection of plants, pressed, mounted on paper, and arranged systematically, is most commonly spoken of as a herbarium. This term is from the Latin herba, which means a green stalk or blade (a grass-like plant), and suggests fields and pasturage. As the term "dried garden" is in the fields and meadows, down in the ravines, on the hillsides, and by the roadsides. It is this real outdoor nature's "dried garden" that we should especially notice this February, as we near the end of winter.—St. Nicholas.

**No Cause for Alarm.**  
Mr. Bacon—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive.  
Mrs. Bacon—Well, don't worry; you won't be.—Yonkers Statesman.

## THE IDEAL AND REAL.

A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.  
BY E. E. M'CUICHOON.

The circumstances attending the failure of Admiral Dahlgren's attack on Fort Sumter September 8 and 9, 1863, during the siege of Charleston, which was one of the greatest surprises to the union forces in the civil war, are known to but few. The assault had been planned carefully and with great secrecy, and there are probably some among those who participated in the attack who to this day are unaware of the manner in which their plans were frustrated.

The federal authorities earnestly desired the capture of Fort Sumter, principally for the moral effect, and for several months Brig. Gen. Quincy A. Gilmore, in command of the land forces on Morris island, and Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren, commanding the South Atlantic blockading squadron, combined all their energies toward accomplishing this object. Sumpter was shelled continuously for several weeks and by the latter part of August was almost demolished, but the confederate soldiers, under command of Maj. Stephen Elliott, still bravely held the fort. Fort Wagner had been deserted by the confederates on August 7, and was occupied by the federal troops, who had also obtained entire possession of Morris island; but Sumter, the chief objective point, still held out.

The fort's gorge wall had been breached August 23, and when its artillery fire had been silenced Admiral Dahlgren thought it would be an easy matter to capture it by making a night attack. The admiral first summoned the garrison to capitulate, but the answer sent back was: "Come and take it!" Preparations were then made for a determined assault.

Some time before a union signal picket had been captured in the Florida district and brought to Charleston, where he was thrown into prison. With him was placed Capt. Phinny Bryan, assistant adjutant general on Beauregard's staff, disguised in the uniform of a federal signal officer. Capt. Bryan had studied the signal flags taken from the wreck of the Keokuk and was able to discuss matters pertaining to the union signal corps with his companion, who believed him to be a union signal officer of another fleet. They became confidential in their confinement and the fugitive captively drew from his companion the key to the code of signals used on the federal fleet stationed outside the harbor. The union soldier is said never to have learned of the duplicity practiced upon him by his supposed companion. The confederate signalmen were taught the system of signals, but learned not to read all messages exchanged between the forces of the federal fleet and the land forces. In reading the confederate reports of the siege one is struck with the large number of federal messages intercepted. This is the explanation.

On the afternoon of September 8 the confederate ship Chicora was anchored in the bay, near the port, and Lieut. C. L. Stanton, officer of the deck, to whom the writer of this article is indebted for these facts, was standing beside Simulman Daniels, who was examining the federal fleet through his glasses. Daniels suddenly turned to Lieut. Stanton and said: "Fort Sumter will be attacked to-night."

"How do you know?" asked Stanton. "I have just read a message from the flagship," Daniels replied, "for a boat from each ship, commanded by a lieutenant, to assemble at the flagship at 10 o'clock for such an attack."

Lieut. Stanton notified Admiral Tucker, who was in command of the confederate fleet, and he immediately went ashore and informed Gen. Beauregard of Admiral Dahlgren's plans.

After dark Fort Sumter was reinforced and the range found on the channel by Forts Johnson and Moultrie. The Chicora was moved from her station and anchored beside Fort Sumter. The night was intensely dark and the garrison could see nothing in front of them, but they were listening intently, and about 12 o'clock were rewarded by hearing the faint plash of muffled oars approaching. When the sound indicated that the boats were within about 100 yards of the Chicora she opened fire on them with grape and canister. This was the prearranged signal for the lighting of the Drummond light on the parapet of the fort, and the channel and beach were then exposed in a glare of light. The garrison at the several forts opened fire on the attacking party, which was in command of Lieut. Commander E. P. Williams, who pluckily came on and landed his men. The repulse is best described in Lieut. Williams' report.

"The enemy," he says, "sunk or disabled all my boats by shot or by bricks thrown from the walls. Finding it impossible to get over the walls, I ordered my men to shelter themselves in the holes made by our shells. The enemy kept up a constant fire on us, throwing hand-grenades, bricks, fire-balls and other missiles among us. Hoping something might be done for our relief, I would not surrender; but some of the men from Lieut. Bradford's boat, he having been mortally wounded in the landing, surrendered, and were ordered around on the left to come into the fort. I stopped these and ordered them under the walls. Soon finding that I was only losing my men without gaining anything, on a consultation with the officers I surrendered and was shown inside the fort, where we were courteously treated by Maj. Elliott."

The force captured by the confederates numbered 15 officers and 102 men. The spoils were four boats and three standards of colors. Among the latter was the flag carried from Fort Sumter by Maj. Anderson in 1861, and which had been taken along by the attacking party that it might be again unfurled on the ramparts of Fort Sumter, so confident were they of the success of their attack. The apparent foreknowledge of the attack possessed by the confederates, and which was mainly responsible for the failure of the plans of Admiral Dahlgren, was a source of great surprise to the union forces.

Lieut. C. L. Stanton, now of Lexington, Ky., relates an interesting phase of the affair. "Among the prisoners," he says, "I was both pained and delighted to discover Lieut. Remy, now a rear admiral in the United States navy. We had been schoolmates at Annapolis many many years before, and the fortunes of war had again thrown us together under rather romantic circumstances."—Chicago Daily News.

**Irish Matchmaking.**  
Judge Adams, the county court judge of Limerick, in presiding at a lecture on Irish humor at the Irish Social club, one night, spoke of the humor of Irish matchmaking. According to the well-known proverb, marriages were made in Heaven, but anybody who knew rural Ireland knew that very often marriages were made in public houses. They were generally made on Shrove Monday, and the talk between the parties concerned was not of love or constancy or of blue eyes and golden hair, but mostly about cows and sheep, pigs, and feather beds. "It often happened that a bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar. A young girl once rushed into the house of a girl friend of hers and said: 'Mary, Mary, I'm to be married in the morning.' 'Yerrah, to whom?' inquired her friend. 'To one of the boys of the Donovans.' 'To which of them?' asked her friend. 'Well,' said the bride, 'twas rather dark near the fireplace, and I didn't rightly know which.' The judge mentioned another case where a woman called out to her daughter an hour earlier than usual of a morning: 'Mollie, get up at once.' 'Yerrah, for what, mother?' 'You're to be married to-day.' 'Indeed, and to whom?' inquired Mollie. 'Now, what's that to you?' replied the mother. —London Chronicle.

**The Czar Revoked.**  
"M. A. P." tells a story with regard to the late czar of Russia. He was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and the present king, then, of course, Prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties. Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough-spoken Scotchmen who don't know fear of God or man. In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar: "You've revoked." Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales, I have been told, kicked the Scotchman under the table; and the czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong; whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the czar: "I dare say you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

**Jobson Has Typhoid.**  
"They seem to believe that Mr. Overway has typhoid fever—that he has had what is called 'walking typhoid' for some weeks," remarked Mrs. Jobson upon returning to the Jobson domicile after a visit at the home of a sick neighbor about a month ago.  
"Oh, they do, hey?" said Mr. Jobson. "And who are they?" A lot of croakers that have gathered around the man's bed to scare him to death? Walking typhoid, you say? They'll be telling the man next that he has walking yellow fever, peripatetic bubonic plague, hobo's pleurisy, six-day-go-as-you-please Bright's disease, sprinter's cirrhosis of the liver, run-a-mile-in-1:40 consumption, pole-vaulter leprosy, and—  
"But," interposed Mrs. Jobson, softly, "Mr. Overway himself is convinced that he has typhoid."  
"Oh, Overway believes it, too," said Mr. Jobson, sitting back magnificently in his easy chair and twiddling his thumbs. "Oh, well, that doesn't change the situation much. Overway has always believed any old thing one would tell him, anyway, but I didn't think that he would let a lot of women run into his house every time he gets a headache or toothache, and convince him that he was cured for quick dissolution on account of the presence in his system of all the walking germs that ever took their exercise over the frame of a human being."  
"But three physicians have pronounced Mr. Overway's trouble typhoid," put in Mrs. Jobson.  
"Yep, just because they wanted to make a hit with the women folks," snipped Mr. Jobson. "You'll notice that medical men agree to any old thing that the women folks of their patients say—they're wise."  
"But—" and right here Mrs. Jobson, contrived to describe to Mr. Jobson a few of the premonitory symptoms of typhoid, to which he at first declined to listen, interrupting her with the remark: "Yes, anybody can muster up the symptoms—all you've got to do to get anything the matter with you is to read or listen to enough nonsense about symptoms, and the first thing you know you'll be on the flat of your back, groaning over your impending doom." But when Mrs. Jobson continued to describe how their neighbor, feeling badly, had continued to work around for days and even weeks before he would consent to take to his bed, Mr. Jobson's brow finally became thoughtful and he fell silent. In fact, he ended by desiring Mrs. Jobson to describe at greater length all of the symptoms of typhoid that were known to her, and there was a sweet, subdued air about him during the remainder of the evening that considerably puzzled Mrs. Jobson. On the following morning, at the breakfast table, too, he displayed a new sort of amiable gravity of manner that caused Mrs. Jobson to wonder if there was anything momentous on his mind, and he kissed her with unusual fondness when he bade her good-bye for the morning at the vestibule door.  
Mr. Jobson arrived home at two o'clock that afternoon, and he regarded Mrs. Jobson with an expression of ineffable sorrow, mixed with pity, when he hung his hat up with a sigh and embraced her. He drew back suddenly after caressing her.  
"I forgot," he said, catching at his breath. "I should not have kissed you."  
"Not kiss me?" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, with an expression of astonishment.  
"Why not?"  
"Mr. Jobson cleared his throat sadly and almost toppled into an easy chair in the sitting room.  
"Because, my dear," he exclaimed, wiping a lot of purely imaginary dampness from his forehead, "because—I do not know that I should break the news to you so suddenly—so brutally—because—"  
"In heaven's name, what is it?" interrupted the alarmed Mrs. Jobson.  
"Well, my dear," said Mr. Jobson, "it is that I have, and have had for some time past, walking typhoid. And it seems improbable to me, at the present moment of speaking, that I shall survive the dread disease—my stout habit of body, the comparatively little exercise I have taken these and many other things will militate against me when I take to my bed, as I shall be compelled to directly. I am aware of the fact that I expressed a certain amount of skepticism yesterday when you were telling me of the symptoms premonitory of typhoid, but as you continued to converse the fact was borne in upon me that these were, in fact, the very symptoms which were afflicting me. I fear, my dear, that after all of our years together, I shall have to leave you—parting of the ways—and Mr. Jobson was straightway so overcome with his own self-sympathy that he couldn't go on.  
Mrs. Jobson had him in bed in some thing less than four minutes after his affecting little speech, and ten minutes later the doctor arrived. He looked Mr. Jobson over, tapped him, felt his pulse, took his temperature and then laughed aloud.  
"Jobson, get up," said the doctor, "and I'll give you a hundred yards! There's nothing ailing you except just the tiniest little dyspepsia!"  
Mr. Jobson scowled at the medical man and turned his face to the wall. The physician departed, still laughing pleasantly.  
"Madame," said Mr. Jobson, when Mrs. Jobson returned to his room, "you may telephone at once for one of the hospital wagons—I decline to remain longer in my helplessness under this roof. It is bad enough to be jerked by you when I express a belief in my serious, not to say my last illness, but when you meet my medical man in the hall and invite him to make me a butt of ridicule under my own roof, then, madame, I want to be removed to some place where my life will at least not be endangered by my nurse!" Washington Star.

**A Visit to an Army.**  
When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, I was studying at a German university, or, rather, I had finished my course and was making pedestrian tours over the continent of Europe. One morning after the battle of Gravelotte I walked into the German lines, hoping to find among the officers some of my former fellow students, but if any of them were there I did not meet them. I was taken to Lieutenant Colonel Schiff, who was what in the United States army we call the provost marshal, to whom I presented my credentials. I was traveling on an old passport that had not been vided (indorsed) by the proper authority for some time; but, being an American, with no interest whatever in the contest then raging between France and Germany, I did not consider it necessary to be very careful.  
Colonel Schiff took my passport, assuring me that an examination was a mere matter of form, though an imperative duty with him. An officer in his company at the time scanned my face, looked my figure over from head to foot, then said something to Colonel Schiff in a language (not German) that I did not understand. I felt sure it referred to me, but if it did the colonel gave no indication of it. After the officer left us the colonel invited me to be his guest during my stay in the camp.  
"I presume," he said to me, "that you wish to see something of the army. I am going to visit several different corps today and will be happy to have you accompany me."  
I assured him that I should be very thankful for the opportunity, and after furnishing me with a horse, accompanied by a small escort, we sallied forth. The colonel had his duties to perform and often left us to visit different headquarters, paying no attention to me except when disengaged, but I noticed a young officer of the party continually watching me. If I got out my glass to view a distant object, he craned his neck to see what I was looking at; if I took especial interest in a redoubt, he seemed equally interested in the fact; if I asked for information, he spurred his horse close enough to me to hear all that was said.  
When we returned from the tour, I was dined by the colonel and when I retired was given a tent with an army cot in it in which to sleep. I was awakened in the night by the guard changing sentries, and after the relief had passed away, hearing some one walking back and forth, I arose and looked out. There was a sentry pacing before my tent.  
"Well," I said, surprised, "these Germans are not inclined to let people get away in the night. But I suppose it is army custom with regard to civilians."  
The next morning after breakfast I thanked the colonel for his hospitality and told him that I thought I would take my departure.  
"Where do you go from here?" he asked.  
"I shall go to Paris, then take a steamer for New York."  
I knew nothing about military matters or I should not have thus boldly declared that after inspecting the German army I was going straight to the capital of France. The colonel looked at me strangely. Then a faint shadow of incredulity passed over his face.  
"Better stay with us another day," he said. "I have invited a number of officers to dine with you."  
Somehow I felt that the invitation was akin to an order. At any rate



## NEKOOSA.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Herrick were completely surprised by a large circle of friends last Monday night. The occasion was the twentieth anniversary of their wedding and their friends could not let the day go by unheeded. The promoters of the surprise party took charge of the hotel and Mr. and Mrs. Herrick were made the guests. A variety of music and card playing served to entertain those present. The supper served in the spacious dining room of the Herrick house was enjoyed by the married, those about to be married and single folks. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Herrick presented them with a collection of china and cut glass ware.

A dog belonging to Stell Marhefka bit Master Howard Emigh last week. Of course Howard wished to have the dog shot, to which Mr. Marhefka consented. The dog, however, was not heirloom of Stell's and he did not have the heart to send him to the happy hunting grounds. The city attorney thereon, came in as a third party. He borrowed a shotgun from a friend and soon put an end to all the trouble.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Congregational church will give an entertainment and refreshments at Brooks' hall on Saint Patrick's day, March 17. The refreshments, program, and costumes will be appropriate to the occasion and will be especially so to the representatives of the Emerald Isle. Bring your green, leave your orange at home and come to enjoy yourself as Duoley planned it.

"Irish Willie" is a boy with a determination and is bound to be a good and honorable boy. Until last Saturday he kept as Catholics only know how. Ne'er a drop had he touched until the tempter came. The report is that he got well "soaked" and is now repenting for it. Billy never calls for hot water in the morning, he takes his bath cold.

Mr. and Mrs. John Galligan were called last by the death of Mr. Galligan's mother. The burial took place at Syracuse, New York, last Monday. Both Mr. and Mrs. Galligan will return to Nekoosa the latter part of this week.

Mrs. Patrick O'Brien and family came up from Babcock on the morning train last Sunday. They are located in the Wright building on Main street and will make Nekoosa their home.

Henry E. Fitch, Nellie Young, Katharine Treat, Katherine Galligan and Gilbert Marvin drove to Cranmoor on last Sunday and enjoyed supper at the home of W. H. Fitch.

Charles Baker of Neenah has been employed by the Nekoosa Paper Co. as boss machine tender. He succeeds Ellsworth Emigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Wittenburg of the town of Port Edwards were made happy last Sunday upon the arrival of a baby girl.

Mrs. George Black and son Clarence will depart for York Haven, Pennsylvania, next Saturday.

Peter Thompson was in town a number of days last week calling on dry goods trade.

Miss Amelia Sorensen spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents at Necedah.

Bert Dannenfelser spent Sunday at Grand Rapids. Why so often, Bert?

Mrs. William Boveau has returned from an extended trip to Mariuette.

Mrs. W. T. Early of Port Edwards was at Nekoosa last Saturday.

J. E. Brazeau and family spent Sunday at Port Edwards.

Mrs. C. G. Hanover is convalescing from severe cold.

## A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

J. E. DALY.  
JOHNSON & HILL CO.

## KELLNER.

Mr. Lincicum, who has been on the old Porter farm for the last year, moved to Kilmour on Thursday. Mr. Lincicum has made many friends during his stay among us, who are sorry to see him go.

The gypsies left us one day last week for Plainfield. They did considerably horse trading and fortune telling while here.

Mr. Kinschke went to Almond Saturday to meet his wife, who has been spending a few days in Stevens Point.

A. W. Timm has moved on Mr. Vetter's farm to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Lincicum's removal.

Robt. Hanneman made a trip to Almond Saturday with potatoes for W. J. Granger.

A merry party spent Sunday evening at H. Miller's. They all reported a fine time.

Geo. Gage of Packwaukee is spending a few days with his prother, J. W. Gage.

Potatoes are now worth 30c, and many are coming in from every direction.

Wm. Withers and Van Root of Nekoosa spent Wednesday in our burg.

W. J. Granger was a Grand Rapids visitor one day last week.

Leo, Hardy of your city was a business visitor here Wednesday.

Albert Pribbano was a visitor in your city on Wednesday.

C. G. Hansen spent a few days at Scandinavia last week.

Mrs. Buss of our hotel is spending a few days in your city.

John Boles spent Saturday afternoon in your city.

Richard Buss spent Wednesday here with his mother.

Remember the Grab Bag sale at Johnson & Hills drug store.

## CRANMOOR.

The Indian families that have spent the winter in this neighborhood have been joined by others and now number three camps. Two little girls from the camp are now enrolled among Miss Berard's pupils. They formerly attended the Indian school at Tomah.

Attorney H. E. Fitch of Nekoosa, accompanied by Gilbert Marvin and the Misses Nellie Young, Katherine Galligan and Katie Treat, drove down Sunday to spend the day at the W. H. Fitch home.

S. N. Whittlesey, wife and son Harry have all had a severe siege with la grippe. Mr. Whittlesey and Harry are getting able to be out again, Mrs. Whittlesey not improving so rapidly.

Miss Jennie Berard went to her home at Grand Rapids on the Friday evening train to remain over Sunday.

Eddie Kruger was helping out with the work at the Whittleseys several days last week.

W. H. Fitch was a business visitor at Grand Rapids part of Friday and all of Saturday.

Daniel Rezin transacted business in Grand Rapids Thursday and Stevens Point Friday.

Dr. C. A. Boorman paid a professional visit to the Whittlesey home Friday.

Babies John and James Emmerich are well again after a siege with heavy colds.

Miss Martha Taylor made a short visit at her Armenia home Saturday.

Mrs. James Gaynor is at home again after a short visit at Rochester, Minn.

J. W. Fitch spent Tuesday morning at the county seat.

Timothy Foley was a business visitor at Nekoosa Friday.

James Gaynor was a Grand Rapids visitor Tuesday.

Mr. Grimshaw was a city visitor last of the week.

## Work Continues.

Some work while you sleep and others sleep while you work, but Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup is constantly at work. After being taken as directions require, it has only one duty to perform that of keeping the bowels, stomach and liver in a healthy condition and then work is a pleasure. Try Re-Go to day. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

## RUDOLPH.

Miss Laura Grasshorn of Junction City was the guest of O. Akey and family on Sunday, returning the same day accompanied by Mrs. Akey.

Mrs. Geo. Rattelle of Green Bay, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lyonias, the past week, returned to her home on Monday.

Miss Elmore Blair, who has been teaching at Marshfield, has closed a six months' term of school, and is spending vacation at home.

Albert Scott, who is employed in Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at home. Albert reports that they will drill at Nekoosa the coming week.

Jeff De Mars and family of Biron spent Sunday with the parents of Mrs. De Mars, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bates.

Johann Weyers departed for Stratford, where he will be employed as clerk in a store at that place.

Edgar Warner, who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks, is on the rapid road to recovery.

Salmer Hassel, who is attending the high school at Grand Rapids, spent Sunday at home.

Miss Edith Coulthart who has been to Baraboo for the past few weeks returned home Sunday.

Rev. Father Van Sever will hold services in Altdorf the coming Sunday.

Mrs. Lapham of Phillips is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Proyoist.

Raymond Sharkey, son of Frank Sharkey is seriously ill at this writing.

John Lindahl is the happy owner of a new driving team.

Jack Keyzer was in Milwaukee the latter part of last week.

Having a Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Between the hours of eleven o'clock a. m. and closing time at night on Jan. 25th, 1901, A. F. Clark, druggist, Glade Springs, Va., sold twelve bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says "I never handled a medicine that sold better or gave better satisfaction to my customers."

This remedy has been in general use in Virginia for many years, and the people there are well acquainted with its excellent qualities. Many of them have testified to the remarkable cures which it has effected. When you need a good, reliable medicine for a cough or cold, or attack of grip, use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you are certain to be more than pleased with the quick cure which it affords. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## PORT EDWARDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Larson were pleasantly surprised by a number of their friends Saturday evening. It was a farewell party. Mr. Larson and family leave for Washington the seventeenth.

Mrs. J. Dixon, Mrs. La Madeline and Frankie Noel of your city were visitors at the Noel home on Sunday.

C. B. Cleveland came down from Stratford Monday and is visiting his parents.

Mrs. E. Harris of Nekoosa was the guest of Mrs. Shellhamer on Friday.

Mrs. Clark Lyons spent the Sabbath with her sister, Mrs. Shellhamer.

Mrs. E. Babcock is visiting relatives at Mauston for a few weeks.

Baby Severance has been quite sick the past week.

## BABCOCK.

The town hall has been let to the Nekoosa Theatrical company for Friday March 27. They will play Captain Rackett, which was recently given with great success to a large audience at Nekoosa. Captain Rackett is a comedy in three acts. It is full of action from start to finish and is sure to please. Comic situations, peculiar misunderstandings and extraordinary confusions follow one another. The company carries a high class of musical artists, who will introduce the latest popular songs and instrumental selections. Judging from the success that Capt. Rackett had at Nekoosa, the people of Babcock will certainly enjoy a rare treat. The company deserves the full patronage of Babcock and vicinity.

Dannie Noltner had the misfortune to fall while at play Saturday evening, striking his head against a post in such a way as to cut a gash about four inches in length. Dr. Morse was called and sewed it up, and he is doing nicely at the present time. It was a lucky accident for the cut had been one inch nearer the temple it might have proved fatal.

Mrs. Dr. Morse, who was reported sick about two week ago, we are sorry to say is no better and grave fears are entertained for her recovery.

Mrs. Herm Soper and children of Wausau have been spending a few days the past week with her parents in the village.

Loretta Noltner, who is being treated at the Tomah hospital, spent Sunday with her parents.

Edwin and James O'Leary, jr., have spent a few days in town the past week.

Thos. Clark of Mauston is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Kennedy.

## ALTDORF.

Messrs. Fred Scheurer and Christe Faver, with their families, left for Washington Tuesday. We are sorry to lose our neighbors but hope they may have every success in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nacht drove to Grand Rapids Tuesday to see the Scheurer and Faver families off.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wipfli of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with relatives here.

O. J. Leu, acting principal at Merrillan, spent Sunday with his family here.

Miss Mae Reusch is at Cranmoor sewing for Mrs. Resin, this week.

John Konjinski is on the sick list this week.

You will never wish to take another dose of pills if you once try Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets. They are easier to take and more pleasant in effect. They cleanse the stomach and regulate the liver and bowels. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

## STIGEL.

E. M. Kronholm, who has been working in a camp near Mosinee, returned home last week. He was kicked by a horse while at work and injured so severely that he has been laid up ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Peterson are happy over the arrival of a baby girl at their home on Monday.

Mike Jackson, who has been working in the paper mill at Nekoosa the past year, has returned home.

## MAY REVIVE SQUARE PIANO.

Recent Improvement Adds to Effectiveness of Tone

Perhaps the square piano will come into vogue again now that Mrs. John Mitchell Clark of New York has discovered that a piano top, shaped like the upper side of a brass viol, adds great clearness and resonance to the tone of the instrument. The top is concave within, something like the roof of the human mouth, and it serves the purpose of collecting and distributing tone. It is a tone reflector, in fact; and, since the tones are not exaggerated, but simply collected and carried, this invention seems particularly adapted to the heavily curtained drawing room. When the piano is closed this lid shuts upon it like a shell, having much the effect of the Louis XV. turban, eliminating forever the possibility of the instrument being used as a depository for bric-a-brac.

## Peanut a Popular Edible.

"I don't suppose it is generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the ladies are great consumers of peanuts," remarked the proprietor of a fruit stand located on a prominent downtown corner. "I am somewhat of an observer, and have been forced to take note of this particular feature of my business. Nearly every night belated husbands stop here and load their outer pockets with the festive goober, the purchase of less than two bags being an exception. To my mind the peanut trade has made serious inroads upon the fried oyster business, for my regular customers tell me that their wives prefer warm goobers to bivalves done up in cracker crumbs for a late supper."—Washington Star.

## More Riots.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver or Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nervina and the greatest all around medicine for run down systems. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by John E. Daly. Druggist.

## CURIOUS ROCKS IN SCOTLAND.

Basaltic Pillars That Have Resemblance to Women.

In the parish of Duirinish, Isle of Skye, Scotland, there are three curious basaltic pillars a few hundred yards west of Idrigill Point. They are pyramidal masses of rock similar to the stacks on the coasts of Shetland and Wick. These basaltic pillars rise vertically from the sea. The largest of the three attains a height of 200 feet. The other two are about 100 feet high. The two later are perforated and occur respectively, one in Loch Bracadale and the other near Loch Eynort. They are called "Maidens" because at a distance they are very like gigantic women dressed in cloaks and hoods. Sir Walter Scott refers to them, and compares them to Norwegian riders of the storm. The country people call them "the mother and her two daughters." They might be described as three spires of rock rising sheer out of the sea, having the appearance of women, whose feet are ever washed by the foamy waters of the briny deep.

## Cheer and Nerves.

Dr. Lasker, the chess champion, in a recent interview granted to a reporter of the Minneapolis Journal, declared that chess playing, not carried to excess, improves a man's health. "Most of the prominent players," he added, "live to an advanced age. But nervous people shouldn't play chess at night. If they do, they can't sleep. Nor in the morning, or they can't work. They shouldn't play at all, in fact. Chess is beneficial to a normal man, just as athletics is good for him. The chess player lives longer than the athlete."

## He Saved The Baby.

Logan Huffman of Lewistown, Ill., writes: "About the middle of March 1901, my little girl three years old, was suffering from a bad cold. One day she grew worse and a severe attack of croup followed. Various remedies were used but failed to relieve her, and I believe she would have died had I not been able to secure a bottle of Hart's Honey and Horehound, a few doses of that medicine saved her life. It is a most wonderful remedy for croup." The first symptom of croup is hoarseness, which is soon followed by a singular rough cough, easily recognized by anyone who has ever heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse and if Hart's Honey and Horehound is freely given, a cure is certain. There is no danger in giving large doses of this medicine, as it contains nothing injurious. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

## Survival of Rune Writing.

There are still a few aged Hungarian herdsmen who know and use the rune alphabet in almost the same form as it was used two centuries ago. The sculptor himself says that he has come across an old peasant in the Temescher Komitat, Michael Tax, who still keeps his accounts in this antique style upon pieces of wood. This writing, however, is fast becoming extinct, and is incomprehensible to the young. Since the introduction of compulsory schooling every child learns to read and write, and the rune alphabet is superfluous. Michael Tax told the sculptor that he knew only three other persons who could read and write it.—Athenaeum.

## Did Not Know New Mexico.

Delegate Rodey of New Mexico has been astonished during the fight for statehood to find that a great many people in the eastern states think that New Mexico is a foreign country. A friend of his who runs a big store in the territory was in New York recently and went into a wholesale house to purchase goods. He told a lordly looking attendant that the goods were for shipment to New Mexico. "The export department is on the next floor," said the New Yorker, which so enraged the would-be purchaser that he left the place after giving the astonished attendant a rather sulphurous lesson in geography.



**Don't Lose Your Sleep.**

One of our Good Night Shirts will put you to sleep. Get into one for

**\$1.00**

**HUGH.**

This is me: "I make suits" Hugh

If you want to dress well, better see Hugh about it. He makes fine Clothing.

See our line of ready to wear Clothing Suits from **\$3.50 to \$18.00**

**HUGH G. CORBETT,**

Railroad fare within a radius of 10 miles refunded on every \$10.00 purchase.

Bogoger Bldg., East Grand Rapids, Wis.

# GINGHAM SALE

The famous "Red Ribbon Brand" will open on

**TUESDAY, MARCH 10**

And last as long as our limited stock last. Every woman uses gingham in her family in one shape or another. It is a staple family fabric. The mother uses it for aprons, and dresses for the children, and how dear to all of us is the old fashioned gingham sunbonnet. No girl who wears one will have freckles even if she does not possess style in headwear. Suffice to say that the "Red Ribbon" brand is the best in the market and we have it in all the latest patterns. What we have in stock at this sale below cost.

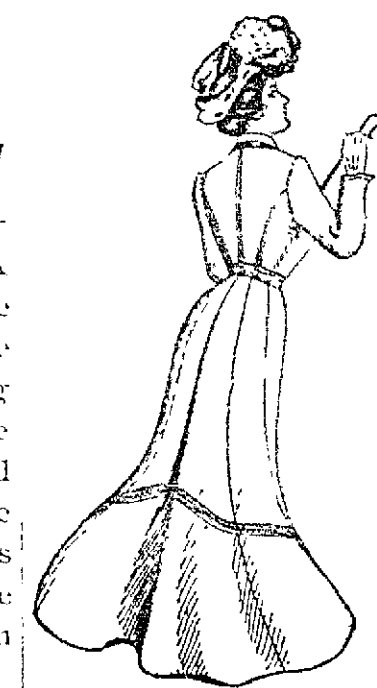
**5 CENTS IS THE PRICE.**

It is worth 8 and 10 cents and those are the usual prices charged for it.



**Tailor Made Suits FROM \$9 TO \$30.**

We now have in stock the finest line of tailor made suits for ladies ever shown in the city. A sample of a few of the new styles is shown in the accompanying cuts. They are the products of the Chicago Novelty Co., the largest ladies tailoring establishment in Chicago. Our tailored skirts are the famous Beverly make and they are better and cheaper than you can make them yourself. We take your measurement for either suits or skirts and guarantee a fit or money refunded. We have sold many of them and they have always given satisfaction.



Sole agents for the R. & G. Corsets. 50c and up.

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